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The Week

TWO years ago at Verdun there was a lull of less than three days between the first German rush, which lasted a week, and the second effort, which ran more than five weeks before it spent itself. In Picardy the German thrust attained its climax in a week, though it was another three or four days before it paused. After a three days' rest the German pressure was resumed. But there is this notable difference between Verdun and Picardy: that two years ago the second drive was delivered over a new sector west of Verdun, across the Meuse, whereas before Amiens the Germans hit out where they left off. An attack on a new front, which means an attack with possibly the impetus of the first blow between Monchy and La Fère, must be based on the same careful preparation. A resumption of fighting on the front established last week cannot have the same initial energy. It has been conjectured that the pause has enabled the Germans to bring up their heavy guns. But something more is necessary. They must be placed and trained over the same wide zone that the original German fire covered so effectively. And it is not in a few days that other instrumentalities can be constructed, like the million yards of piping for gas and flame of which the German correspondents boasted during the first few days of the great battle. What we may expect is an obstinate tug of war, a swaying of the battle line back and forth such as marked the second phase of Verdun.

A QUIET modification of Italy's war aims has apparently been made, particularly with reference to the Jugo-Slavs. The *New Europe* announces that an agreement has been reached by representatives of the two nations, though it has not yet been ratified in Rome. In February, it was strongly intimated in Prime Minister Orlando's name that Italy was ready to revise her "finality," as embodied in the secret treaty of 1915, and to adjust herself to "the new and real situation." Powerful Italian newspapers, the *Secolo*, the *Messaggero*, and the *Corriere Della Sera*, advocated this change of front, though the organ of Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, continued to oppose it. The actual result of the controversy and the negotiations must be awaited, but it is interesting to note that the mere report of an accord between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs led to open advocacy in the Austrian Reichsrat of independence for all Slavs within the Dual Monarchy. And this heightened the demands and kindled the hopes of the Czechs in Bohemia. Here we have a hint of those "domestic matters" on which Count Czernin dwelt with so much concern in his recent orphic speech in Vienna.

EXCEPT that the landing of Japanese marines at Vladivostok was occasioned by the murder of a Japanese subject, explained by the Soviet authorities as a political act involving no reflection on the ability of the local administration to maintain order, we know little of the circumstances attending the Japanese move or its extent. The Japanese Minister in Russia has disclaimed any other intention than the safeguarding of order. Nevertheless, the sharp protest by the Moscow Government confirms the delicacy of a situation which, if mishandled, can only lead to mischief, and which justifies the circumspect attitude of the Administration at Washington. In dealing with the Bolsheviki it behooves the Allies to borrow something of the "realistic" German method, and not to let momentary vexation destroy the larger expediency. The question whether the Moscow Government is to be alienated or frightened into the arms of Germany remains fundamental.

THE statement by M. Popovitch, of the Servian Labor party, that the whole Servian population faces extinction by starvation, yields another proof that the entire world is gradually being invaded by famine. The weaker countries and those occupied by Germany, naturally, feel the pinch most. Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland, of the neutral countries, do not know where to look for their next year's food supply unless this country furnishes it to them. Belgium, Servia, Poland, of the countries formally occupied by the Germans, have long been starving. The Central Powers, it is true, have stripped them of their food; but, then, that is only another sign that Germany and Austria are in dire want. Finland sends up an anguished cry for food. The much-vaunted Ukrainian stores seem, by Czernin's admission, to be turning out illusory, as are those of Russia. Turkey, we know, has been decimated by starvation, and Constantinople has been living on the rations Germany allowed her out of the very deceptive Rumanian surplus, as has Bulgaria. The Allies are avowedly dependent for a considerable quantity of their daily bread upon us.

THE statistics for food shipments in March show by what a wide margin we are clearing the danger-point of which Mr. Hoover and Lord Rhondda gave warning only two months ago. The export of 1,100,000 tons exceeds by 300,000 tons the minimum which the latter set as the monthly requirement of the Allied peoples. In the first week of February, with the railway blockade and bunkering difficulties at their worst, we sent abroad about 85,000 tons of cereals, and 100,000 tons of all foods. A marked stiffening of our effort showed before the end of the month, so that the total sent abroad was 750,000 tons, or only a little below the amount required. Now we are exporting at the rate of 275,000 tons a week. We need no longer think of the problem as one centring chiefly in cars and ships; the heart of it is our ability or inability to cut our wheat consumption in two—and we are proving our ability.

NIGGARDLINESS is not to blight the Government's housing plans. The House last week passed a bill authorizing the Labor Department to spend $50,000,000 upon workmen's homes at war manufacturing centres; Congress had already authorized the expenditure by the Emergency Fleet Corporation of $50,000,000 at private yards, and the Corporation has $10,000,000 of previously allotted funds which it is spending upon housing at Government yards. A

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total of well over a hundred millions is thus made available for emergency housing; and it must be remembered that this supplements a good deal of private endeavor, and some by cities like Cleveland and Wilmington. Only the larger outlines of the methods to be followed have been draughted outside three centres where the Fleet Corporation is using the $10,000,000 available for Government shipbuilders. The Fleet Corporation and the Committee on Housing of the War Industries Board have already obtained much expert advice; and the Labor Department expects to work through a director of housing who will be assisted by a "policies board."

THE rehabilitation of the Cabinet, now beginning, must rejoice every loyal American. Up to about one o'clock Monday morning, the entire lot was as incompetent as it had been from the first. But as the presses of two of New York's great newspapers commenced to turn, two of the President's counsellors improved like anything. The event deserved emphatic headlines. Accordingly, across the back page of one of these journals was flung the announcement: "A Tribute to the Navy and Hon. Josephus Daniels, Its Efficient Secretary." On the editorial page of the other appeared in a more modest way the sensational words: "McAdoo Making Good." Just how it was that Mr. Hearst happened to see the virtues of Secretary Daniels at the same moment at which the *Tribune* caught sight of those of Secretary McAdoo, we cannot pretend to explain. It is one of the coincidences of history. The mystery is deepened by the circumstance that the name of Mr. Hearst is being bandied about in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor. Yet so strange are the phenomena of politics that no one will be surprised to find that the efficiency of Mr. Daniels does not function in solitary glory, but that he has associates who also are worthy of nice headlines.

GOVERNOR LOWDEN of Illinois was roused by deeds of violence in three places a month ago to point out that there are courts open for the punishment of "any man in any community guilty of treason or sedition or any other crime." The deeds then complained of were the tarring and feathering of men suspected of disloyalty. But now, from a mining community near East St. Louis, we have the grewsome news that Robert Prager was hunted through two towns, captured after officers of the law had tried to hide him, and lynched. His crime consisted in haranguing the miners on Socialism, in the course of which "he made statements they interpreted as disloyal and pro-German." It would be lamentable if we had to think that American institutions require defence by such irresponsible mobs. With State and local investigations now beginning, the nation expects summary and severe punishment of those responsible for the outrage. The chief of police of Connellsville declares that the identity of a number of the mob is known; when the grand jury meets in special session this week these men and their confederates should be indicted without fail. The Illinois authorities moved promptly following the recent East St. Louis race riots. More than a hundred men were indicted, and nearly a score convicted of murder. As the circumstances surrounding the death of Prager come to light, the shocking nature of the crime is more evident. The man seems to have been harmless, and there is evidence that he had declared his American sympathies and had attempted to enlist in our navy.

AS for the lynching itself, we need only stop to think what we should have said if an American had been killed in Germany for speaking disrespectfully of the Kaiser. Stern measures are called for in dealing with such outbreaks as this one at Collinsville, in order that the mob spirit, always too ready to break forth, may not spread by contagion and stain yet further the history of our participation in the war. Governor Lowden has shown his capacity for dealing forcibly with questions of law and order; he will find no task of more importance than making it clear to the ignorant and excitable that the public is done a far greater disservice by occurrences like that at Collinsville than it would be by the mouthings of a hundred petty agitators. The Federal Government confesses itself powerless to punish this murder of a foreigner. Despite the urgings of President Taft and others, the Washington Government has been given no power to deal directly with crimes in this country affecting the subjects of other nations.

RATIFICATION of the Federal prohibition amendment by Massachusetts makes its adoption morally certain. When Maryland, Delaware, and the Bay State swing into line, and New York holds out only after the utmost efforts of her anti-prohibition leaders, the end is in sight. The number of States that have ratified—Massachusetts is the eleventh—is unimportant. The significance of the action at Boston would have been as great, perhaps greater, if it had been taken before any other State had acted. Massachusetts was counted upon by the "wets" as one of the "last-ditchers," yet she gives way at the first assault. The result will be to encourage the prohibition forces everywhere, and especially in other Legislatures meeting this year. It will mean also that the decisive fight will come next year, when most of the Legislatures assemble. With States won in the initial battle that they could not reasonably have hoped for, the prohibitionists will press their advantage all along the line. The surprise now would be for the amendment to be lacking ratification with only half of the seven years allowed for that action gone. The pressure upon the States needed to make up the thirty-six will be cumulative.

THE first budget to be adopted in Massachusetts has been signed by Governor McCall. The bill, which is hailed as marking a new era in the finances of the Commonwealth, carried an appropriation of $27,000,000, made up of 500 items. It provided for the maintenance of departments, boards, commissions, institutions, and other services, together with requirements for interest, sinking fund, and serial bonds. Formerly these matters were cared for in ninety bills. The consolidated bill fills eighteen pages of parchment. It was not hastily framed after the Legislature met, nor was it a compromise between the old system and the new, like the "near-budgets" of some States that cannot bring themselves to take the plunge all at once. It was the work of the Special Recess Committee, which took time to attend to it properly and reported the result to the Legislature. By acting while other States are still talking, Massachusetts scores again as perhaps the most progressive State in the Union.

BOSTON is congratulating herself upon her Mayor. We do not say that she has deliberately chosen a moment when she has larger cities at a disadvantage; rather let the explanation be that such expression has been denied her

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BEREA, OHIO

for some years. Mayor Peters is living up to his campaign professions. He is appointing excellent men to office. Their political associations count for nothing, nor is there any sign of personal favoritism. But Mr. Peters has gone farther than this. He announced during the campaign that he would not be a candidate for reëlection, and now he has induced the Legislature to pass a law imposing the same limitation upon his successors! There is a city that has had that regulation in its charter for a generation. That city is Philadelphia. The effect there has been to spur some Mayors to get all they could out of the office in four years. Chicago, on the other hand, owes not a little of her progress to her freedom to reëlect a Mayor who stood with the decent minority in her City Council.

PHILADELPHIA may or may not be "the worst city in the United States" with respect to vice conditions, as a report by Raymond B. Fosdick after systematic investigation for the Navy Department states. While Mayor Smith and the Vares say it is not, the Philadelphia press agrees that it probably is. So does Mr. Porter, recently Director of Public Safety. The report brought the Mayor hurriedly home to prod the police. Whether enough is done to save the city from a drastic naval order to protect the sailors, marines, and thousands of shipbuilders, depends upon the Philadelphia gang's sense of expediency, not decency. An interesting chapter in municipal history will relate the story of the nation-wide impulse left for the army and navy to give to civic cleanness. First, the Texas cities were renovated. A year ago centres near the various cantonments and camps hastily put themselves in shape to be fit for the soldiery, and Secretary Daniels gave some effective hints to various seaports. The process still goes on. The commander at Camp Lewis has done much to bring about Seattle's recent housecleaning, Chicago has passed anti-cabaret ordinances under the spur of army complaints, Camp Meade is trying to improve Baltimore, and Secretary Daniels has done wonders for Newport, Annapolis, and Hampton Roads.

THOSE who have difficulty in spelling Mississippi and who think Banff unmusical will now wonder what they are going to do without an American Indian dictionary. For in selecting 120 native names for the ships a-building at Hog Island Mrs. Wilson could show no mercy. She made her choice for authenticity rather than romance, and the only hope of mariners lies in the fact that each ship bears but one name. "Ist dort die Sisladobsis?" the submarine commander will call to his lookout, who will reply, "Nein, das ist die Taghkanick." The Germans will be able to speak those serried consonants, and the Russians, of course, but those who use the gentler Latin tongues may falter in mentioning the Shivwitz, the Tobesofka, the Ukiah, or the Sebewaing.

IF Dr. Van Dyke were to persuade the world to attempt to adapt the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" for the present war, we should have a large contract on hand. The general terms of the hymn fit this struggle very well. If we rewrite it, it is certainly time that we finally rewrote that narrowly New England song, "America." Dr. Van Dyke is among those who have already attempted to give breadth to it, but their versions are little heeded. No one objects to the attempts of poets to write new stanzas for old familiar songs; it is good exercise; but we want it understood that we shall not have to learn them.

Has Germany Lost Her Reason?

PRESIDENT WILSON'S speech at Baltimore on Saturday had much to say of force. But there was in it also an appeal to reason—the reason of the German people, if they have not entirely abdicated it. The Kaiser's vainglorious threat to impose by the sword such a peace as he desires upon his enemies, the President meets with proud defiance. If it is the German contention that force and force alone must decide everything, the Allies, this country with its resources in men and money as yet scarcely tapped, will answer with a force greater than Germany can array. The official German press declares that the blows dealt by Hindenburg and Ludendorff are intended to make the French and English and Americans "submissive," so that they will accept the kind of peace which Germany will be gracious enough to offer them. To this there is but one reply possible, and President Wilson made it with high spirit. The free people of the United States will never submit or yield to brute force or a peace reeking with injustice.

Spokesman of this settled determination of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Wilson also represents them in his reiteration of the nature of the peace which this country seeks, and with which alone it will be satisfied. Americans have nothing to gain from the war except their own security and a new world-order, in which weak nations will be established in their rights as firmly as the strong. A peace based on this principle has repeatedly been urged by the President upon the Central Powers. To it their statesmen have paid lip-service, but their military commanders have overridden or silenced the civilians, for the time being, and have shown what kind of peace by tyrannical oppression they really aim at. Their dominating and exploiting purpose has been made so plain to all the world that even Mr. Arthur Henderson, leader of the British Labor party, and warm advocate of peace by agreement, has cried out that the "cynical" sort of peace forced on Russia by Germany is intolerable because it is not "clean." Despite all this, the President took pains to reaffirm his readiness, even now, to "discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed. This is not simply an appeal to German reason. It is good tactics at the present juncture. For the military masters of Germany, calling as they are for the sacrifice of thousands more every day on the battlefield, pretend that their enemies seek to crush and dismember the Empire. On Monday morning, we had the semi-official German statement, in comment upon the President's speech, that Germany now sees that she will lose everything unless she wins the war. But all that she would really be asked to give up, according to President Wilson, would be the purpose to impose her will upon Europe and the world by force of arms. In the very act of facing the rulers of Germany and telling them that their unholy ambitions can never be attained, Mr. Wilson sufficiently indicates to them the road to a righteous peace. The question is whether there is a remnant of reasonable men in Germany who will make their voices heard when it appears that all the added bloodshed which the inexorable army chiefs are demanding will be in vain, so far as concerns making Germany unquestioned conqueror.

There have been a few signs of late that a better mind is coming to some in Germany. Highly significant is the stir made by the publication of Prince Lichnowsky's memoranda, showing that, in his opinion, the war was not forced

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upon Germany, but, rather, deliberately brought on by her rulers. The former Foreign Minister, von Jagow, has been writing about the Prince's disclosures, and while he disputes and challenges some of the facts and conclusions, frankly admits that he can no longer adopt "the theory now widespread among us that England was the originator of all the intrigues leading to the war." Acceptance of this point of view by the Government—and, as the *Westminster Gazette* points out, von Jagow must have had official permission to publish what he did—would obviously put a new face on the old controversy, and would powerfully influence public opinion in Germany.

Unless reason has fled from that country, we may expect soon to hear utterances that have been held in abeyance while the great German offensive promised success. They will have something to say about President Wilson's speech. They will see its two great implications. It pronounces the doom of the Pan-German scheme to master the whole world. This is impossible of realization so long as Great Britain and the United States are alive and have an atom of strength with which to resist. The arrogance, the heaven-defying pride, of the German militarists will be met and defeated. But there is yet a way out for all. It is plainly stated by President Wilson. Let everything that has been done or attempted in the war—the secret treaties of the Allies, the peace treaties of Germany with Russia and the Ukraine and Rumania, the wrongs of Belgium, the claims of France, the question of the German colonies—let all be brought to a final world-settlement in a spirit of justice and fair dealing. The door to such a plan is still left open by the President. Is there reason enough left in Germany to see what must be done and to urge it?

Numbers

WITH the battle in Picardy once more in full swing, and American transports speeding across the Atlantic under urgent call, there is one question we are all asking. What are the enemy numbers the Allies must now face and be prepared to face, and what are the numbers they have in the field? Conjecture ranges as it pleases. Major-Gen. Leonard Wood spoke on Thursday of 12,000,000 men confronting each other on the western front; even if this includes Italy, it would mean that more than nine million men are at grips in France and Belgium. But Colonel Repington gives to the Germans about 200 divisions; and if you throw in the million reserves with which London rumor credits the Germans, you get only three and a half millions for the available enemy forces. Mr. James M. Beck on Thursday spoke of a minimum German superiority of 600,000 men. If you subtract that margin from Repington's figures for the present German strength of about two and a half millions, you get for the Allies an estimate of less than two millions. This would indeed give point to the question, Where is the British army? Under these circumstances we must put all personal estimates aside and return to such authoritative statements as are available.

And first as to the British army. On January 14, Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service, declared in the House of Commons in the course of a detailed speech on man-power: "The British army to-day has on its rolls over 4,000,000 men." Deduct from this the armies in Asia and the Mediterranean. They are not large armies by the Western standard. It is doubtful if the operating forces in Mesopotamia are more than 150,000 men apiece. Grant them an equal number of reserves, add 50,000 British for the Salonica army, and you get less than three-quarters of a million for these fronts, with more than three and a quarter millions for the West. Out of this last number assume a million men at home, allow for the men who may be "on the rolls of the army," but as yet insufficiently trained—say, another half-million—and we get one and three quarters million men as the minimum British army we can deduce on the actual Western front from the Geddes figures. We easily get a round two million by adding in the numerically weaker Allies—Belgium, with a minimum of 50,000 men; the Portuguese, with an estimated strength of 100,000 men; and the American troops.

For the French army we have the statement of M. André Tardieu that an January 1 there were nearly 3,000,000 men in the battle zone; this excluding the large subsidiary forces in the rear or the munition workers. The strength of the French army is to be explained by the fact that since Verdun, two years ago, Pétain's policy of thrift was interrupted only by the unsuccessful offensive of last April. Since then the French have been husbanding their resources. With allowance for the considerable wastage of trench warfare, it is difficult to reduce M. Tardieu's figures to less than two and a half million men. We thus find ourselves confronted with an Allied strength of four and a half million men available for the Western front. Against these the Germans, by the most generous estimate, have between two and a half and three million. Where, then, does the enemy superiority come in? Providing, that is, that the official Geddes statement for the British and the Tardieu statement for the French are not wild exaggerations.

Two factors suggest themselves in partial explanation of the disparity between the indicated Allied strength and the claim that the Germans are the stronger. It may be that a much larger part of the British army has been kept at home than we have allowed for. At the crisis of the battle in Picardy, on March 25, Lloyd George telegraphed to Haig: "The men necessary to replace all casualties are either now in France or already on their way, and still further reinforcements are ready to be thrown into the battle." What the policy may be which dictates the keeping at home of an enormous army we can only guess at, but if it be true that British reserves were on the wrong side of the Channel when the Germans struck, it might explain a temporary superiority by the Germans along a section of the front. The other reason would be Italy. We have spoken before of the extraordinary divergence between Colonel Repington's estimates and Bonar Law's. But when Bonar Law asserted early in March that the Allies were equal to any force the Germans could bring up, he said, "including Italy." When Repington speaks of the Allied inferiority in numbers, he excludes Italy. It is thus possible that very heavy British and French reinforcements in Italy may account for a considerable deduction from the indicated Allied strength on the vital front in France.

But with all these deductions—the British army at home and in the East, and the Allies in Italy—it is impossible, in the absence of some vital error in the official figures we have quoted, to obtain numerical inferiority for the Allies from the North Sea to Switzerland. If the Allies, nevertheless, are still fighting a defensive battle and keep calling to us for haste, the answer must be that the Allied leadership is

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not thinking of to-day only. Foch, Haig, and Pétain are aware that they are facing the supreme German effort. They must count beyond the two and a half millions with which Hindenburg began the battle, beyond the million reserves which Germany may soon bring up, to a crisis when Germany will throw in everything she has and can scrape together—her new classes, Austrians, Bulgarians, if it comes to that. To-day the ratio of soldiers to population has passed far beyond the point the experts considered possible. Germany, playing for everything, will do everything. What the Allies must figure on is a remorseless flow of the Kaiser's cannon-fodder. They must think of a German army of four or five millions before the end of the campaign.

And that is why there is need for America to bestir herself. It is not for the immediate to-morrow that our men are being rushed over. But with Americans coming on in full force, French and British can spend themselves more confidently, or wait more confidently for the final accounting.

Our War Expenditure to Date

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the passage of the new Bond Issue bill in the Senate last week, the Treasury published the full statement of the Government's expenditure for the month of March and for the nine completed months of the fiscal year. Covering as it does so large a portion of the twelvemonth, the statement renders possible a closer estimate of what the disbursements of the full fiscal year will be, and a clearer view of the extraordinary overestimate of those expenditures, made in the Treasury report of last December. But it also, as we shall show, casts a new and very striking light on the much-discussed question whether or not the American people are paying a fair proportion of their abnormal war expenses through new taxation.

During March the Government's actual payments for its own expenses, including those made for war and for purposes connected with the war, were $820,126,000; its so-called "special disbursements," almost entirely made up of advances to our allies, were $335,838,000; making total expenditure of $1,155,964,000 for the month. This was the largest total of any month to date, though not very greatly in excess of January or December. If that sum had represented the average monthly outlay of the fiscal year ending with next June, the twelvemonth's public expenditure would be $13,870,000,000, whereas the annual Treasury report of last December estimated $18,775,919,000.

But this does not show the whole of the overestimate; for monthly expenditure during the first quarter of the fiscal year was three to four hundred millions less than in March. The surest way to forecast the probable result is to take the figures for the nine completed months and then add the probable expenditure of the three months remaining. Between June 30, 1917, and March 31, 1918, $8,292,645,000 was spent. If we assume that the next three months will average moderately above March, and if we allow for the large interest payments on the new public debt in May and June, the probable aggregate expenditure of the fiscal year will appear to be $12,200,000,000. This sum is $6,500,000,000 smaller than the Government estimate of last December.

How so amazing an overestimate should have been possible is a matter of controversy. The explanation that the shortage of shipping curtailed our exports of food and war material to our allies, and therefore reduced the loans by our Government, through which those exports were to be financed, is entirely inconclusive. Those disbursements, it is true, will also fall below the Treasury's estimate, but it is in the expenditure for our own war purposes that the real discrepancy occurs. The estimate on such "ordinary disbursements" for the full fiscal year was $12,316,295,000, and in nine months exactly $4,631,511,633 has been expended. There is no way of accounting for so great a miscalculation except by assuming that appropriations and authorizations for expenditure were taken as equivalent to capacity for producing, during the fiscal year, the materials for which the full appropriations were made. But the calculators were warned last autumn that such a result was physically impossible, and whether the Army, the War Boards, and the Shipping Boards were or were not unduly optimistic in their predictions, there is little excuse for the acceptance of such estimates without careful scientific scrutiny by the Treasury statisticians.

While these astonishing overestimates of expenditure were being scaled down, and especially since the statements of income and excess profits have been submitted by taxpayers, the conviction has been growing of an equally striking underestimate of the yield from the new war taxes. The Congressional committees in October, and the Treasury in December, estimated $1,201,000,000 as the proceeds of the income tax and $1,226,000,000 as the proceeds from excess profits. Just now the calculation of well-posted bankers, based on their knowledge of individual and corporation tax returns, is leading to the conclusion that the actual combined yield of these two taxes will be $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 in excess of the Washington estimate.

This is as yet more or less a matter of conjecture. But it has a highly interesting bearing on another question. Mr. Longworth has pointed out in the House that whereas England has been meeting 20 per cent. of her war-time expenditure by taxes, France and Italy about 16 per cent., Russia and Germany 10 to 11 per cent., the United States, on the basis of the reduced war expenditure calculations, will be raising 45 per cent. through taxes, if loans to the Allies are not included. That these should not be included as part of the funds for which taxes ought to provide is obvious enough when their character as productive investments is properly understood.

But Mr. Longworth's calculation may be carried further, on the supposition of a large underestimate in proceeds of the taxes. Even a revenue yield $500,000,000 greater than the Treasury's estimate would leave the taxpayers in the position of providing for considerably more than 50 per cent. of the Government's war-time expenditure. Nothing like this has ever occurred in history. Even the 40 per cent. estimate for England in the Napoleonic wars was an average for the period, not an achievement of the first year of war; and the fact that taxes paid 50 per cent. of our own expenditure in the fiscal year of the Spanish War is explained by the fact that the war itself lasted only three months, whereas the war taxes continued to be collected afterward. The full disclosure of the facts in regard to our present war taxation should provide some enlightenment to those critics who, like the London *Nation*, have been indulging in lamentation over our "trifling contribution" to war expenditure through taxes, and our "copying the grave errors" of the European belligerents.

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A Year's Progress

WHAT progress have we made in our first year of war? We cannot answer the question simply by enumerating battles won or lost, by mapping territories that have changed hands, by counting the numbers of armies raised, of ships built, or of aeroplanes constructed. We can answer it only by making perfectly clear to ourselves what end we are striving for, what obstacles stand in our way, what means are at our disposal for overcoming those obstacles, and what measure of success or failure we have had in using such means. To say that we fight Germany to put an end to the wicked principle that might makes right is not in itself enough; for a simple military defeat for Germany would not necessarily accomplish that result. The end desired by patriotic and thinking Americans has been stated over and over by the President, not mere defeat, but peace —a peace not imperialistic but democratic, that is, based on self-determination and free choosing by the peoples great and small of their own government and way of life, the organization of international relations on the basis of reasonable judicial determination, not of force. Such a peace may be an impossible dream, but it is the end that the President has set before us, and that most of us have accepted.

What obstacles stand in the way of such a peace? First and foremost, the militarism of the German Empire, which, so far as we can now see, seems to have possessed the great body of the people, leading them to rely on the German sword, wielded at command of the All-highest. This militarism, greedy of power and dominion, stands nakedly revealed to us by the Eastern treaties. Between militarism and democracy there can be no peace while the world stands. Therefore, say many, let us crush German militarism; then we shall have peace.

While this is our immediate work, unfortunately it is not our whole task. Even in the day of military stress we dare not forget the other elements in the problem. From the beginning Germany's rulers have represented her warfare as a defensive struggle against greedy and covetous foes. Grotesque though the idea appears to us, we must not forget that it still animates the Teutonic struggle, as indicated in the latest news from the Central Empires. It rests, of course, on the utterances of imperialistically minded writers and statesmen among the Allies, which are taken as representing the will and purpose of the Allied Governments. Let us grant at once the existence of such an imperialistic viewpoint in some quarters, and let us be unsparing in its eradication, for it would poison the peace we seek, and the very suspicion of its existence vastly increases the strength of German resistance. From the beginning it has hampered the President in his diplomatic efforts to bring the Government and people of Germany to a just and reasonable settlement.

What are our means for overcoming the enemy? We are mobilizing our armies at the front, our ships on the sea, our economic sources wherever found, striving with all our might to crush the monster of German militarism by force. We have apparently made some progress against the submarine, and we are feeding men into France to take the place of a certain number of French and British soldiers, but our military strength is as yet largely potential. At the end of a year of war we see Germany signing a series of treaties as victor all along the Eastern front, and in the West we see her troops occupying positions in some cases in advance of those held two years ago. Our political offensive, too, has met with small success thus far. The German people stand behind their imperialist masters, not repelled even by the monstrous treaties of Brest-Litovsk. Our wedge between Germany and Austria has not gone home, and the Central Empires still cleave fast together. It might be easy to yield to discouragement did we not count the indirect gains of the year. If we prove wise enough to utilize them to the full, we may thereby help the President achieve that victory towards which he strives to lead.

First of these gains, for all the disastrous military consequences that have ensued, we place the Russian Revolution. It removed from the world an imperialism no less greedy than that of Berlin, and less dangerous only because it was less intelligent and efficient. The Revolution shook to its base the old structure of Allied imperialism by removing its chief constituent member, and by heartening the democratic forces in France and Great Britain, which have been gradually making head against the imperialists there. The "Slav peril" has disappeared, and notwithstanding the present discouraging situation, most thoughtful democrats look forward not without hope to the days after the war when the Russian peoples shall be, not a menace, but coöperators in the great enterprise of self-government.

Second we place the rapid gain in definiteness of ideas and organization on the part of the labor movement, typified best, of course, by the British Labor party, and least of all, unhappily, by the American movement. We venture to say that the statesmanship of Arthur Henderson and the British Labor party contains more of promise for the peace of Woodrow Wilson than do all the schemes of mere dicker and trade in all the Cabinets of the world put together.

Third in order, though possibly not in importance, we place the moral weight of American participation. The addition of our resources of man power and materials has greatly heartened France and England, and helped prevent the material balance from dipping too heavily in Germany's favor. But more than that, the clear-cut idealism of the President's utterances, and the evident sincerity of his statement that we look for no material gain, have changed the moral balance. This may yet prove our supreme contribution to the cause of the Allies.

These three new imponderable elements have entered into the war during our first year—but what, it may be pertinently asked, has all this to do with the immediate task of defeating Germany? Just this: if the peace, when it comes, is to be made along the old lines on the basis of the war map, Germany wins; for her ideas win, and the world goes on to get ready for the next carnival of slaughter as soon as the imperialists have made the necessary moves on the political chessboard. And if the Allied peoples can see nothing better than that ahead, then we conceive that their cause might go down in discouragement. Give us, however, the animating hope of a democratic peace, a peace in which the peoples shall be free to develop their own lives unhindered and unafraid; let us hold that aim steadily and unwaveringly before our eyes, and against the rock of our indomitable resolution the waves of Teuton steel will beat in vain. What progress have we made? The answer lies not alone in our military preparations, but in the clear-sightedness, the faith, the imagination, the steadiness with which we seize the events of the year just past and build them into the structure of the world we are determined to have.

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BEREA, OHIO

Our Economic War Machine

By HENRY HAZLITT

PICTURE a nation at peace. A nation at peace is industrially organized for peace. It is not organized by a government or a dictator; it is organized by the people as a whole, acting here in groups, there individually, often unconscious of the relative part they play; but the organism is none the less a real organism and finely balanced, even though it is formed, as it were, by blind economic forces. Its systems of transportation, its middlemen, its speculators, its scheme of wholesale markets and retail stores, insure that the products of the farms, sold by individual farmers, shall reach dinner tables throughout the country promptly and with a certain cheapness. It is so with its manufactures of furniture, of clothing, of automobiles, of houses, and even of amusements. The size of these industries is proportioned to meet the demand. The size of each is proportioned to the others; the steel industry to the combined locomotive and car and steel rail and automobile and bridge and building industries; the locomotive and car industry to the railroads, the railroads to all other industries combined and to the amount of goods they will have to transport. It is, in truth, a great machine: each man, each factory, each trade or industry, is a cog or a part; if one be too large or too small or run either too fast or too slow for the rest, there is bad functioning, and the need for readjustment.

Fancy, now, this vast organism thrown suddenly into war. The industrial machine has arisen and has been shaped and adapted in response to a demand. It can be altered only as the demand is altered. We cannot superimpose a war machine upon the already existing peace machine. It is all very well to say that we should produce more, and men by speeding up under the stimulus of war can help; but raw materials are often strictly limited; the number of men who labor simply cannot be increased; in fact, their number shrinks: since we entered the war nearly 2,000,000 men have been drawn into the army and navy, and further withdrawals are in prospect. Through our fulfilment of orders for belligerent Europe, labor immediately before we entered the war was fully occupied; there were no unemployed to draw upon. We faced, then, a reduction in the labor supply; at the same time an enormous increase was demanded in the manufacture of guns, shells, ships, aeroplanes, uniforms, blankets, food. These demands could be met in but one way: ordinary peace production would have to be cut down. The place to cut it down would be where the loss would be least felt—in the luxuries; and however regrettable it might be, the manufacturers of luxuries would have to suffer.

The first need, then, was economy. A distinction must be made between saving money and saving goods and services. If we stop going to the theatre or occupy less expensive seats, we save money to turn over to the Government in war-savings stamps, and that is good; but if we refrain from buying motor boats, we not only save money to turn over to the Government quite as effectively, but refuse to bid away for our own use labor and material that should rightly be employed in the service of the Government, and that is the really important thing. If, through economy, we can only leave for the use of the Government enough goods and services effectively to prosecute the war, we shall automatically have accumulated a money surplus for the Government.

We have not failed, nor even had great difficulties, in the money part of our programme. The first $2,000,000,000 loan was easily raised; the second, for $3,000,000,000, was oversubscribed by $1,600,000,000, and half of the oversubscription was accepted; the present loan is expected to prove an even greater success, and the tax receipts for the first fiscal year, ended June 30, estimated by the Treasury at $3,400,000,000, are now, in the light of reserves for taxes already made by various corporations, believed to have been underestimated. Where we have failed, at least from the original estimates of the Secretary of Treasury, is in our ability to get the war goods desired. The Secretary, even as late as last December, estimated that the Government's purchases would total for the fiscal year $19,000,000,000; the outlook is now for less than $13,000,000,000.

Whether it would have been possible to release $19,000,000,000 of business (at current prices) in a year is doubtful. The total value of manufactures in the United States was estimated in the Government's own census figures to be $20,672,000,000 in 1909 and $24,246,000,000 in 1914. Even allowing for our greatly increased industrial capacity and for higher prices since that time (*Bradstreet's* index number gives the average price of commodities on August 1, 1914, as less than 9, on March 1, 1917, as 14, and on March 1, 1918, as more than 18; in other words, prices have doubled), the fact remains that $19,000,000,000 would have constituted a huge proportion of our productive capacity.

What, now, in the first year of her war, has America actually done? First to be kept in mind is that even before we entered the war we had in part become organized for it. The war demands of Europe for nearly three years had trained a great part of our population in war work and had expanded certain industries enormously. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation's net profits had risen from $9,000,000 in 1914 to $24,000,000 in 1915, and to $60,000,000 in 1916. Orders which it had not been able to complete were $25,000,000 at the end of 1913, $47,000,000 in 1914, $175,000,000 in 1915, and $193,000,000 in 1916. Gross business of the Baldwin Locomotive Works had risen from $14,000,000 in 1914 to $22,000,000 in 1915, and to $52,000,000 in 1916. The same record for the United States Steel Corporation, the world's largest private company, was $558,000,000 in 1914, $727,000,000 in 1915, and $1,231,000,000 in 1916.

Now, what effect does the first year of our own participation show? The Bethlehem Steel Corporation's unfilled or uncompleted orders rose from $193,000,000 at the end of 1916 to $454,000,000 at the end of 1917, more than half of the latter figure representing orders for ships. Compared with the $52,000,000 of 1916, the Baldwin Locomotive gross business in 1917 was $98,000,000—$63,000,000 representing 2,748 locomotives; the rest, shells and other work. The United States Steel Corporation's gross business in 1917 was the largest on record—$1,684,000,000—and 80 per cent. of the total is estimated to have been "war steel." The American Woollen Company, which has been getting orders for wool for army blankets, showed net income in 1917 of $11,000,000, compared with $6,000,000 in 1916; unfilled orders at the end of the year had grown from $41,000,000 in 1916 to $81,000,000 in 1917.

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Lord Northcliffe, in his visit to this country last year, drew a parallel which struck the imagination. He pointed out how America constructs a skyscraper. For weeks and even months the work on the foundation goes on; nothing is seen, just "digging"; people pass by and wonder vaguely why there is so little progress. Then one day the first steel beams are up, and lo! the whole intricate steel structure soon is towering to the sky; stories are built about the middle and extend both ways; soon the giant is complete. That, he said, was the way America was building her war machine.

The analogy is one to keep in mind amid heated discussions of progress on our airplane and shipping programmes. If it is true that we have so far constructed only thirty-seven battle-planes, or that the Emergency Fleet Corporation has completed only three ships of its own programme, it is still possible to reconcile this with substantial progress and assertions that great quantities will very soon be forthcoming. When we went to war, we not only were without sufficient planes and ships; we did not have even the facilities for making them. Whole industries had to be built, from the ground up. Airplane plants and shipyards had to be constructed; housing provided for workers. Chairman Hurley admits that under the new contracts the Emergency Fleet Corporation has put only three new completed ships into service, and that only nine steel and eleven wooden hulls have been launched and are now being equipped with machinery. But he points out that new yards and new ways are being constructed which will eventually place the United States in a position to turn out vessels at the rate of from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons annually. This would mean, at an estimate of 9,000 tons to a ship (the first three vessels were 8,800 tons each), 1,000 ships a year.

And this raises a question. The erection of shipyards and airplane plants deflects labor and materials from the immediate construction of ships and airplanes with available facilities. There must be continuous compromise between emergency and thoroughness, between immediate and ultimate production, between the production of things themselves and the production of things to produce things. Much depends on the estimate we place on the length of the war.

Last winter, when the transportation system could not meet the demands upon it, the Fuel Administrator ordered practically all other industries to shut down one day a week, to allow the transportation machine to catch up. The disease was diagnosed by some officials in Washington as "overproduction." Overproduction, especially in war time, is a grotesque word. The ailment was unbalanced or disproportionate production. "The industrial machine" is no mere figure of speech. The whole engine may be held down to the speed of its slowest cog. Because the railroads could not keep up the pace, other industries were stopped. It simply meant that much labor and material which had up to that time been devoted to buildings, automobiles, and even munitions, would far better have been devoted to locomotives.

But whence has come the industrial capacity used for war work? An illustration on a large scale is the automobile industry. In the first three months of 1917 the Studebaker Corporation sold 16,083 cars, compared with 15,580 in the same period of 1916. Then we entered the war. For the remaining nine months of 1917 the corporation sold only 22,274 cars, compared with 50,305 for the corresponding 1916 period. The company is now going to devote 50 per cent. of its capacity to war work. The Willys-Overland Company now has $12,000,000 of Government orders for aeroplane motors and parts and $15,000,000 of orders for ordnance. The Ford Company, which has been producing 2,600 cars a day, plans to give 65 per cent. of its capacity to war orders. The Packard Company has already turned 80 per cent. of its capacity over to the Government. Automobile companies are beginning to turn out labor-saving farm tractors on a substantial scale. Building operations have also been curtailed. In 1916 there were $221,000,000 of building operations in New York city; in 1917, $102,000,000. For the rest of the United States building outlays fell from $912,000,000 in 1916 to $715,000,000 in 1917.

One of the most interesting phases of war-time economics developed in the past three and a half years has been the system of priorities and rationing. Price-fixing is founded on the principle that the basis of distribution of a commodity should not be individual purchasing power, as in peace times, but need—national, not personal, need. But to cut prices without rationing removes that salutary restriction on consumption which a high price compels; and further, if the price is fixed too low, there is always the danger of discouraging production. The Government has cut prices down sharply from the high levels reached a few months after we entered the war. From 32 to 34 cents a pound, copper was cut to 23½ cents; lead from 11 to 8 cents; pig iron from $55 a ton to $32; steel billets from $100 to $47.50. "Number 2" wheat was cut from $3.50 a bushed to $2.26.

Even credit has been "rationed," partly through its absorption in Liberty loans, partly through restrictive measures taken by the Capital Issues Committees on non-essential industries. New securities in March, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, amounted to $75,000,000, compared with $312,000,000 in the same month a year ago, and new securities in the first three months of the present year have been $309,000,000, compared with $709,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1917. Credit is the one thing that can be indefinitely expanded, without regard to labor or raw material shortage; but the result of increasing credit faster than the volume of commodities is to raise further the cost of living, to the detriment of men on slower moving wages and fixed salaries. There is apparent prosperity in war time, but it comes, not from the "speeding up" of production, but from redistribution.

Whether one is proud of our economic conversion since we entered the war or dissatisfied with it depends greatly on what one expected. We are still far behind England. The extent to which England has gone is indicated in some remarks of H. Gordon Selfridge, the former Chicago merchant, now proprietor of the largest retail store in London:

> Every one in England is at work—including many men and women who never worked before. To be idle in England to-day is not "good form." Phonograph factories are now turning out delicate shell parts, jewelry-makers are producing periscopes, watch-makers are adjusting fuses, music-roll-makers have turned to gauge-making, an advertising agency is making shell-adapters. We cannot spare labor and materials for making new pianos. No one can expend as much as $2,500 on a building without Government sanction. For nearly two years not a single new automobile has been made in England, excepting for war work. Every thinking Englishman, before spending for himself or his family, stops to consider, not whether he can afford it, but whether the nation can afford to have him spend.

When America has reached this stage, it will have an economic war machine indeed, and the greatest that the world has ever seen.

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America's First Year in the War

By ARTHUR H. WARNER

UPON declaring war against Germany a year ago the United States had two courses open. One was to concentrate her forces solely against the submarine, which would have meant warring directly on these vessels by employing her navy, and indirectly by using her full industrial resources to build and operate ships in spite of them. The other possibility—which necessarily involved some weakening of the campaign against the submarine—was to join in the land warfare of Europe.

The United States took the second course, and a discussion of the relative merits of the two possibilities would now have only an academic interest. The point is recalled here because, in estimating the success of America's first year in the war, it is well to recall, as a point of departure, that one cannot have his cake and eat it, too.

American effort, instead of concentrating against the U-boat, has divided into two parts: (1) war on the submarine; (2) preparations to enter the land fighting in Europe.

If it be true that the campaign against the submarine has fallen short of popular expectations—and this seems to be the prevailing verdict—it ought to be realized that such is the inevitable price of turning the nation's energies chiefly into preparing for a land war in Europe. It ought further to be conceded, even by those not in sympathy with the latter programme—among whom may be numbered the writer of this sketch—that the achievements of the national Government in this direction have surpassed anything that the most virulent of the Administration's present critics dared to hope for a year ago, when, in the picturesque phraseology of Colonel Roosevelt, the nation "drifted stern foremost into the war."

In regard to the destruction of submarines during the past year, little information is available to the public. America knows that she has had a destroyer flotilla in European waters since the early days of her entrance into the war, but what it has accomplished is an official secret. At the same time, it is not unfair to assume that results have either been meagre or largely counteracted by new building by Germany. Figures show that there has been a considerable reduction in the merchant tonnage destroyed by U-boats since the period of greatest loss last summer, but this does not necessarily imply a diminution in the number of German undersea craft. On the other hand, there is every reason to believe that the lessened submarine danger is due in considerable part to the general arming of merchant ships and the adoption of the convoy system. According to Representative Oliver's statement in March, 1,100 merchant vessels have been furnished by the Navy Department with guns and crews to handle them. A system of convoying has also been organized, under which most transatlantic ships of America and her allies—except the mail steamships, which rely upon their speed to elude danger—are protected by a naval escort.

The danger of the submarine and what has been done to offset it is best revealed in the figures of tonnage destroyed by the Germans compared with that constructed by America and her allies. The facts indicate some headway made against the U-boat menace, but prove at the same time that it is far from eliminated—that, on the contrary, it is the most elusive and possibly the most formidable power that Germany is able to direct against her opponents.

Definite figures, published last month by the British Admiralty, show a total loss of 11,827,572 gross tons in British and foreign shipping from the beginning of the war up to the end of 1917. Construction of merchant vessels during the same period totalled 6,606,275 gross tons, a little more than half the loss. No figures are available for the full year that America has been in the war, but those for the calendar year 1917 may be taken as an approximate equivalent. In 1917 the loss to British and foreign shipping in gross tons was as follows: First quarter, 1,619,373; second quarter, 2,236,934; third quarter, 1,494,473; fourth quarter, 1,272,843; total, 6,623,623. Building in the same period was: First quarter, 528,439; second quarter, 626,440; third quarter, 616,453; fourth quarter, 932,023; total, 2,703,355.

It was confidently hoped a year ago that the United States would take a large part in offsetting submarine losses by the speediest possible construction of a great number of ships. The hope has been only partially realized. Differences among those responsible for the ship programme, shortage of labor, strikes, and lack of materials have delayed progress, but on March 26 the chairman of the United States Shipping Board, Mr. Hurley, stated that of a building programme calling for more than 8,000,000 deadweight tons, 28 per cent. had been completed, while 8 per cent. was represented by finished vessels already in service. These latter alone, he said, amounted to 50 per cent. more than the nation's output in 1916. Mr. Hurley's figures give rather too rosy an impression, as he neglected to explain that the completed ships were almost entirely vessels that had been ordered on private contracts and would have been built regardless of Government intervention or America's entry into war.

The most satisfying figures given by Mr. Hurley are those showing that a sound basis has been laid for future construction. Thus when the country entered the war, it had 61 shipbuilding yards, with 235 ways, against 148 yards at present, with 730 ways almost completed. It is estimated that at the rate of two standard ships per year per yard this means a possible production of 2,300,000 deadweight tons a year.

If the campaign against the submarine for the year is not altogether satisfying, one has but to turn to the record of army preparation for achievement that even the most optimistic hardly dared to hope for twelve months ago. The two most striking accomplishments are the vast expansion of the army and the transportation of a substantial part of it to France inside of twelve months.

When America entered the war, the regular army comprised about 128,000 men, besides which there were some 80,000 of the National Guard in the Federal service. Now the Federal forces number more than 1,600,000 men. The regular army has been quadrupled by voluntary enlistments, the National Guard in the Federal service has been increased from 80,000 to 450,000, while added to these forces is a conscripted army which makes up the total.

The raising of this conscript army is in itself a remarkable feat. Six weeks after the United States entered the

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war a law went on the statute books making military service compulsory for men between twenty-one and thirty-one years of age. On the 5th of June 9,586,508 such men were registered, and a few weeks later the War Department issued a call for 687,000 of them—determined by a lottery—to prepare to go into training. Meanwhile sixteen instruction camps were under way in different parts of the country, and on September 5 a first quota of men went into training. The rest of the 687,000 followed at intervals, and within the last few days a preliminary lot of men have been sent into training from a second call, this time for 800,000.

The transportation of American forces to France has been as rapid and as successful as their organization in this country. The Secretary of War, when before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs last January, recalled to it and to the country how far original hopes of getting troops to Europe had been exceeded. He quoted from a magazine article of last August in which the sending of 50,000 to 100,000 soldiers to Europe in 1917 was held up as something the country ought, but would not be able, to compass.

"We will have more than one-half million men in France early in 1918," said Mr. Baker, "and one and one-half million who in 1918 can be shipped to France." This latter estimate has since been raised to 1,800,000 men.

The moving of American soldiers to France has been accomplished with secrecy and safety. Only two transports have been hit by U-boat torpedoes. The Antilles was sunk in October when homeward bound. In February submarines sank the Tuscania while carrying troops to Europe.

On June 26 last a contingent of regular army engineers arrived in France, and a few days later a first detachment of infantry disembarked. Other shipments have been following since in a steady stream. American soldiers went into the trenches in October on the Lorraine front, and subsequently occupied sectors of the battle line at four other points. More recently they have been called upon to help in the fighting in the Somme region.

The equipment of the Federal forces is the chief aspect of their mobilization that has raised criticism, and most of that was dissipated by Mr. Baker's statements before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. The Secretary of War justified many makeshifts and shortages during the early months as foreseen but accepted in view of the wish for all possible haste in getting men to France. Of the lack in clothing, for instance, he said:

> If I were to have delayed the calling out of these troops until the last button was on the last coat, and the call had come in November or December or January, "Send them, and send them fast," and they were still at home waiting for tailors, I would have felt a crushing load of guilt and responsibility which, at least in comparison with what I do feel about having called them out, would have been incomparably greater.

There was delay in placing modern rifles in the hands of all soldiers owing to various changes in American ammunition works made in order to secure manufacture in standardized parts in all plants, but it was announced in February that 700,000 army rifles had been made in this country since America entered the war.

The need for immediate production of cannon or shells has been obviated by the fact that France and Great Britain have agreed to furnish these for all American troops arriving in 1917 and 1918, but plans have been laid for future production at home. Contracts call for the delivery of some 60,000,000 shells by the end of the present year.

The War Books

By ELBRIDGE COLBY

DURING the past few months the supply of war books has increased to an appalling degree, for publishers have seemed willing to publish a large number on the chance of one success like "Over the Top," "Private Peat," "Kitchener's Mob," or "The First Hundred Thousand." But the many new books which have appeared this winter and which are announced for this spring can, in spite of their variety, be divided conveniently into four groups, which include: (1) the impressionistic, (2) the episodic, (3) the historical, (4) the technical.

In the first group we find a successful novelist, Jeffery Farnol, writing of "Great Britain at War" (Little, Brown), an impressionistic survey of the workshops, the battlefields, and the cruiser squadrons, interpreting the spirit of the combat and the character of the fighters. Then there is another well-known author mobilized for war work, so to speak, John Masefield, who in "The Old Front Line" (Macmillan) has described the positions as they were before the Battle of the Somme, dwelling, as a poet should, on the picturesque and classic aspects of the struggle. The father of a novelist, W. J. Dawson, has supplemented the war books by his son, Coningsby Dawson, by a volume of his own, "The Father of a Soldier" (Lane), which is a thoughtful analysis of a changing point of view and, unconsciously, of a character changing as the war goes on. Maurice Barrés's "The Faith of France" is to be published by Houghton Mifflin. Germany's attitude is thoroughly expounded by Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven in "Deductions from the World War" (Putnams). This last volume has been much exclaimed at, reviled, and slandered by reviewers, but it should be taken calmly and studied as a representation of the German mind. This war is all a big game, the greatest game in the world, with the biggest stakes. It does little good to rave at our enemies, who may checkmate us any minute or bring about a stalemate. But it will do good to study the way the German mind dwells on economics, democracies, atrocities, conscripted armies, the comparative value of French and British tactics, and their corresponding morale.

The second group of books, the episodic, is to a great extent the record of personal adventure, from the story of a father in "The Earthquake" (Scribners), by Arthur Train, to the narrative of "A Yankee in the Trenches" (Little, Brown), by R. Derby Holmes. The one tells of a civilian learning to do his share in the war; the other of a soldier learning to do his. The one treats of conscriptions, subscriptions, Liberty Loans, and Red Cross; the other gives practical details and interesting narrative which illustrate the methods of patrol duty, bombing, raiding, rationing, and tactical coöperation with the tanks. We could add to this group almost indefinitely. So prodigious is the number of personal accounts of battle experiences that one almost fancies the modern soldier carrying a typewriter instead of a grenade, or even a package of chocolate, as Mr. Shaw would have it. To recite the very titles of the best of these books is to indicate how widespread has been the habit of the pen among our soldiers. In the old army a few men, like General Custer, wrote of the West; now it seems that they all write of the Western Front. We have "Life in a Tank" (Houghton Mifflin), described by Captain Richard Haig, and "American Destroyers in the War Zone"

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(Houghton Mifflin), by Ralph D. Paine. Intelligence work is covered by Major E. F. Wood in "The Notebook of an Intelligence Officer" (Century) and by Georges Lafond in "Covered with Mud and Glory" (Small, Maynard). The man who reads only colored news dispatches and official communiqués will find revelations in "Nothing of Importance" (McBride), by Bernard Adams, and "The Real Front" (Harpers), by Captain A. H. Chute. Training and fighting details abound interestingly in Lieut. C. A. W. Wells's account of how he went "From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond" (Dodd, Mead) and in "A 'Temporary Gentleman' in France" (Putnams); undreamed deeds of almost obscured heroism in "Wonderful Stories—Winning the V. C. in the Great War" (Dutton); the simple humor and natural humanity of snipers' posts, patrols, and billets in "Bullets and Billets" (Putnams), by Bruce Bairnsfather; the fatherly spirit of the French officer towards his soldiers in "A Crusader of France" (Dutton), by Capt. Ferdinand Belmont; and straightforward, vivid, sincere narrative in "Holding the Line" (McClurg), by Sergeant Harold Baldwin; "Over There and Back" (Dutton), by Lieut. J. S. Smith; "On the Right of the British Line" (Scribners), by Captain Nobbs; "Out There" (Appleton), by Charles W. Whitehair, and in "Conscript 2989" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which should appeal to every one interested in the life of a drafted man, telling in a clever series of anecdotes the ordinary day's work and day's play of the ordinary man in our new National Army. And for the breezy humor of the thing are the camp yarns in Frazier Hunt's "Blown in by the Draft" (Doubleday, Page). A further interesting by-product is some new and valuable Civil War literature: "One Young Soldier" (Dodd, Mead), by Ira Seymour Dodd; "A Lieutenant of Cavalry in Lee's Army" (Badger), by G. W. Beale, and Russell's "Memoirs of Col. J. S. Mosby" (Little, Brown).

The third group of new books, the historical, contains many serious studies by eminent scholars and thinkers who try to get at the roots of the matter, at the theories, the causes, the results, the facts, and the clashing principles. In this group must be included Gilbert Murray's "Faith, War, and Policy" (Houghton Mifflin), Prof. Munroe Smith's "Militarism and Statecraft" (Putnams), Roland G. Usher's "The Winning of the War" (Harpers), a comparison of economic and democratic ideals of both parties in the war, and lastly "Democracy and the War" (Putnams), by John Firman Coar, a serious philosophical study dealing excellently with economic problems, with the spiritual impulse behind the German people, and with the motives which govern the cause of the Allies and which should determine the terms of peace. Such books as these enable us to form some judgment as to the truth of the German axiom that war is the highest function of the state, and that when God holds his Assizes and hurls the nations in combat against one another there is no element of moral, spiritual, or physical worth that does not weigh in the balance. Such books must, of course, be supplemented by studious scrutiny of diplomatic documents and serious histories, and the new crop of books provides us with the following valuable aids to forming opinion: Seymour's "Diplomatic Backgrounds of the War, 1870–1914" (Yale University Press); Charles Cestre's "France, England, and European Democracy, 1215–1915" (Putnams); Professor Adkins's "Historical Backgrounds of the Great War" (McBride); and "A Survey of the International Relations between the United States and Germany, Aug. 1, 1914–April 6, 1917" (Oxford University Press), by James Brown Scott. Then, to bring the subject down to more recent times, there should be added "The Foreign Policy of Woodrow Wilson, 1913–1917" (Macmillan), a history, a summary of events, and a collection of excerpts from speeches and papers by our war President; "Lloyd George and the War" (Macmillan), by An Independent Liberal, a little, inexpensive booklet in praise of the present Prime Minister, a history of the Cabinet, munitions, conscription, and the coalitions; "The Case for Compulsory Service" (Macmillan), by G. G. Coulton; and finally a purely military history of the conflict, "Under Four Flags for France" (Appleton), by George Clarke Musgrave, and historical and political ruminations in "Germany at Bay" (Doran), by Haldane MacFall.

Before going on to the fourth division, it is best to group together some historical books with a few episodic books of personal adventure and observation, which give the history of the part played in the initiation and progress of the great struggle by the hotbed of Europe, the great Balkan Mountain. On this topic we have, aside from the previously accepted books, "Southeastern Europe" (Fleming Revell), by Vladislav R. Savić, a study of the politics, the commerce, diplomacy, and military history of the Balkans, together with their relations with America and their all-important ethnological relations with one another. We have "The Guardians of the Gate" (Oxford University Press), historical lectures on the Serbs, by R. G. D. Laffan, short compact surveys of the various epochs of Serbian history; we have "The Cradle of the War" (Little, Brown), by H. C. Woods; and "The Heart of the Balkans" (Houghton Mifflin), by Demetra Vaka. Moreover, as if to carry the accounts successively and chronologically down to the present day, we have "In the Heart of German Intrigue" (Houghton Mifflin), by Demetra Vaka, telling of the diplomatic bickerings with Constantine of Greece; "Inside Constantinople during the Dardanelles Expedition" (Dutton), by Lewis Einstein, a good corollary to Kipling's "Tales of the Trade" and Sterner's diary; we have also "Serbia Crucified" (Houghton Mifflin), by Lieut. Milutin Krunich, telling how the Serbs are heroic not only in their own Belgrade, but even in retreat towards Albanian exile; "The Story of the Salonica Army" (E. J. Clode), by G. Ward Price, a correct military history; and "At the Serbian Front in Macedonia" (Lane), by E. P. Stebbing, the personal account of an A. T. O., who has been a professional traveller and writer and so describes well the topography of the Macedonian front. To these should be added "A Roumanian Diary, 1915, 1916, 1917" (Dodd, Mead), by Lady Kennard; and to get the rest of the Eastern theatre of war, Arthur T. Clark's personal record of advancing "To Bagdad with the British" (Appleton) and Martin Swayne's "In Mesopotamia" (Doran).

The fourth group, that of technical military books, contains a few volumes of general as well as special interest: "First Call" (Putnams), by Arthur Guy Empey, arranged and intended to give useful information on a great many scattered points, tactical and sanitary, for which serious readers of his previous volume had to search carefully amid the personal narrative; "The Warfare of To-day" (Houghton Mifflin), by Lieut.-Col. Paul Azan, and "The Making of a Modern Army" (Putnams), by Gen. René Radiguet, concise and systematic though brief surveys of the new tactics, of great value to new officers and to students of the new, more highly complicated military organizations made neces-

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sary by the war of positions; "Topography and Strategy in the War" (Holt), by D. W. Johnson, which does geographically for the military minded what the "Peril of Prussianism," by the same author, did for the politically minded; Wood's "Notebook of an Intelligence Officer" (Century), which has many noteworthy passages explaining insignia, regulations, secret writings, and methods of procedure; and Belmont's "Crusader of France" (Dutton), which has for its chief value the lesson to officers, similar to that in Dupont's "In the Field" (Lippincott), that an officer's first duty is to look out for the comfort of his men.

We come finally to the purely military publications, headed by an exceptionally fine little book by Colonel Lincoln C. Andrews, "Leadership and Military Training" (Lippincott), a practical analysis of the psychology of the army, a splendid, thoughtful book for young officers eminently worthy of the author of "The Fundamentals of Military Service." To this we add a list of purely technical volumes, each of great value in its own field; "Scout-Sniping" (Geo. U. Harvey); Hutchinson and MacElroy's brief elementary "Manual of Military Map Making and Reading" (Appleton); Major W. C. Dunn's "Infantry Officers' Handbook of Artillery Information" (Harpers); Colonel De Witt-Wilcox's "French-English Military Technical Dictionary" (Harpers); Bertrand and Solbert's "Tactics and Duties of Trench Fighting," highly approved; Colonel Ford's "Military Medical Administration" (Blakiston); Colonel Lynch and Major Cummings's "How to Keep Fit in Camp and Trench" (Blakiston); and Greble's "Field Artilleryman's Guide" (Blakiston).

French War Books

By STODDARD DEWEY

THE half-conscientious reviewer must acknowledge that each of the books piling his table has its *raison d'être*—its right to existence—somewhere in France and perhaps in America. Of books that make the war live accurately in imagination, one of the most promising is "L'Histoire de la Guerre par les Combattants" (Garnier frères), by Paul Ginisty, who is experienced in recounting the human day, and Captain Maurice Gagneur. The collaborators explain:

> This book brings, as its contribution to the history of the war, the witness of combatants. We think their accounts, when grouped in the order of events, make up a precious documentary whole that may be styled the war's physiognomy. We have been careful not to modify such stories told by chiefs or soldiers who sometimes jotted them down hurriedly while still under the impression of battle. With historical truth, we aim at the moral truth.

The present volume of 562 pages extends from the mobilization (August, 1914), through the first campaigns of Alsace and Belgium, the retreat and battles of the Marne and Flanders, to the stabilizing of the long front in the trenches and the battle of Artois (July, 1915).

To this early period belongs a series of guidebooks for visiting the battle-fields, "Guides Michelin," which may prove of value to American visitors in the near future. The opening volume is given up to that first part of the battle of the Marne which has its particular name from the River Ourcq, in the neighborhood of Paris, including Meaux, Senlis, Chantilly. Very numerous plans and photographs and excellent paper distinguish this interesting volume of 120 pages, which the reviewer has tested in a real visit. A second volume will continue the battle through its stirring phase in the Marshes of Saint-Gond; while a third will reach Revigny—where was accomplished finally "the Miracle of the Marne" that saved the world.

Of the valuable and readable, because personal, "Mémoires et Récits de Guerre" (Hachette), five new volumes have been received. Commandant Bréant gives his memories of the front from Alsace in the fateful August of 1914 to the Somme at the beginning of the past year.

> (January, 1917.) In the morning along the boardwalk through the snow, I see a group of English soldiers.—Captain de M. speaks French easily. He is a true sportsman, long and thin. He is just back from Kameroon. He says: "It was hard there, but the Boches have it no longer now. I shall ask leave to go back and hunt after the war. There are a good many elephants!"
>
> I said: "But you are French!"
>
> No, but his ancestors served the Kings of France in the Welsh Guard. One was at Marignan—what a way has been travelled over since—1515 to 1917! I have a feeling of moral well-being, unspeakable comfort, to talk in our own tongue with this officer of our Allies.

"Notre Camarade Tommy" takes up the English offensives from January to June, 1917. The authors are war correspondents of the Paris newspapers, and they dedicate their book to one of their number, Serge Basset, who furnished last copy by getting killed at Lens. Mr. Arthur Balfour gives them a brief foreword:

> *Lest we forget, lest we forget!*
>
> Two races, after mingling their blood and youth so strongly, cannot forget—and books like this mount the guard against oblivion. (The English is ours.)

Captain Canudo tells the "Combats d'Orient" at the Dardanelles and Salonica (1915–1916). His pages are offered—"To the memory of my comrades fallen in the desolation of Macedonian mountains between Strumnitza and Kosturino, during our first campaign of Servia."

The mother of Lieutenant Marcel Etévé has allowed his letters to her, from the first day of war to his death in July, 1916, to be given to the world. He was a *normalien* and on his way to scholarship. His company, on the fatal day, according to the coveted Army Citation, "struggled more than an hour after its captain and lieutenant as well as the under-officers had been killed, losing three-quarters of its men."

Pierre de Kadore is a lieutenant of the Marine Fusiliers who fought and died at Dixmude (September, 1914, to April, 1916). He had come back from Peru to be with their group of "Auto-Cannons," whose story he tells cheerily:

> Marines of the red topknot and blue collar! Who shall ever know all you have been in the Great War?
>
> Honor, yes! honor to all those of whom none shall ever speak.

The lieutenant notes that he bought from passing English soldiers Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage."

> You said (oh, not in vain you said):
> Haste, brothers, haste, while yet you may;
> The hours ebb fast of this one day
> When blood may yet be nobly shed.

From the Land of Death—*Au Pays de la Mort*—the Swiss Benjamin Vallotton tells in a few pages his visit to the devastated villages. It was just after the German army had evacuated the district of Ham and traces still remained of their deportations of men and young women.

> One of the women saw her husband taken first. Of her four

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children a ten-year-old boy is the only one left. Her three daughters—fifteen and seventeen and twenty years old—were taken. Where are they? It was two months ago and she has had no news of them. And that woman stands there before us, stout, clearly honest, with her eyes full of tears.

"Yes, Monsieur, they took the three of them from me the same morning. I had scarcely time to kiss them, and they were gone. What do you think they have done with them?"

From Belgium we have official documents rather than accounts of human lives and deaths. There are extracts of official documents, with sixteen maps and twenty-three photographs, of the campaign of the Belgian army through the fatal half-year from July 31, 1914, to January 1, 1915 (Bloud et Gay). There is the Manifesto of 464 Spanish Catholics (Plon)—"To Belgium!"

(May 3, 1916.) Foreign publicists, foes of our faith, pretend that Catholics in Spain are animated by feelings of indifference, if not hostility, towards Belgium. They call up the hateful figure of Pontius Pilate and represent the Catholics of our country as incapable, intellectually and morally, of judging between good and evil. They insinuate that Catholic solidarity has become an idle word. They proclaim the failure of Christian right among nations. It is important that the position which Spanish Catholics have taken from the beginning of the war and which they intend to maintain be defined.

This veritable protest in favor of Belgium is signed by notables of every kind and class in Spanish society—clergy and members of religious orders; nobles and army officers; university professors and men of science; editors and writers; members of the liberal professions and Parliament; artists and authorities in art and letters; capitalists and labor unions.

Prof. Christopher Nyrop, of the University of Copenhagen, answers the German Legation at Stockholm concerning the arrest of Belgian professors and the University of Ghent (Payot)—"a conflict between force and right." Fernand Passelecq, in a substantial book (Berger-Levrault), goes into the minutest particulars of the Flemish question and Germany, with maps and a valuable detailed bibliography.

King Albert's Minister, H. Carton de Wiart, has written out "La Politique d'honneur" (Bloud et Gay). To those willing to have clear ideas for the coming end, it describes the aggression; the Belgian army and populations; the deep reasons for resistance; and the spectacle and teachings of the war. Each page has its enduring pathos—*sunt lacrymæ rerum.*

The sum of all is in a few lines from a collection, too little known, of Poems from the Front by Belgian officers and soldiers (Jouve):

> Home and old habits' privacy;
> City or village, where life's pastime was;
> Neighbors and friends and dear tranquillity;
> The house, the garden we have dug in vain—
> All that once seemed so sweet or seemed so hard!

Emile Verhaeren, at the eve of death, sang what is now left:

> Only a bit of ground in the world's vast.
> The North
> Looses there the wind that bites.
> Only a little earth with the sea beside
> And the unrolling of the barren down.
> Only a narrow bit of soil—
> But holding still its Queen, its King,
> And their loving people's here concentred love.

Paris.

Demos Awakes

By JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

UP where the North Light shakes
Over the ice-rimmed seas, over the frozen lakes,
Tremulous spears that gleam red with the blood of night,
Demos awakes—

Yawns through jaws bearded, grim,
Laughs with deep indrawn breath, stretches each giant limb.
Savage and ominous, all the wide human race staring down leagues of snow
Shudders in awe of him.

One by one frightened kings,
Twitched by His heaving breast, tossed as His body swings,
Whirl from their thrones. Captains and Lords of men, rulers of land and sea,
Plunge from their place on high, impotent things.

Pale from dim factories, swart from dark mines,
Brutalized, barbarous, back from the battle-lines,
Rush His engulphing hordes, drunk with their liberty, shouting His songs;
While the world whines.

No more to die in war, no more to bend the back,
No more to slave and starve under the whipcord's crack,
These who have toiled and wept that we might love and laugh
Wrench from their wrack.

Up where a gaunt Dawn breaks
Out from the winter's night, up where a New Day quakes
Over our shivering souls, over our sobbing breath, over our toppling dreams,
Demos awakes.

Correspondence

Multipersonal Idealism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend commenting on my letter in your issue of March 14 reminds me that Dr. Howison called his system "Multipersonal Idealism." He jogs my memory well, though it is clear that our old teacher appropriated both this and the simpler name Personal Idealism. In view of what I understand to be the history of the shorter designation in the hands of present-day idealists and their critics, "multipersonal" without doubt more explicitly denotes Howison's rigorously wrought and sternly defended conception of the world as a society of self-determining individuals. Perhaps, however, this compound smacks a bit too much of William James's hazard of the term "multiverse," which, while recognizing its value, Howison could not adopt.

T. R. K.

Berkeley, Cal., March 24

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Lincoln and Lee in 1918

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The great struggle through which we are passing has turned our thoughts to Abraham Lincoln. We have gained confidence and courage from the realization that President Wilson has revealed much of the determination, charity, and adherence to principle which characterized Lincoln's conduct of the Civil War.

Now, however, that we are engaged at last in actual military operations, may we not turn with equal profit to the example of him who was perhaps the greatest of our soldiers? The career and conduct of Robert E. Lee are full of significance for Americans to-day. Before making his momentous decision to cast his lot with the South, he spent the night in meditation and prayer. Though he loved his profession with all his heart, he could yet say in the midst of the Civil War: " 'Tis well war is so terrible, else we might grow too fond of it." When invading the North, he issued the general order that, "Duties exacted of us by Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own."

His character and ability were the greatest single factor in the long resistance of the South, yet great as he was in war, he was even greater in peace. When final defeat was inevitable, Davis and others wished to disperse the Southern armies and carry on a protracted guerrilla warfare, but Lee said with a solemn indignation, "You must remember we are a Christian people. For us as a Christian people there is but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation; these men must go home and plant a crop and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis." And again, in reply to an irritated Southern mother, he wrote: "Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Recollect we are one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans." He himself accepted the presidency of a small struggling college at a salary of $1,500 per year and threw himself into the work of training young men with all the ardor that had characterized his defence of the "Lost Cause." In this generous and liberal fashion he lived and died a loyal American.

His conduct, therefore, constitutes a complete refutation of the German plea that war knows no law but necessity, and the salvation of the state justifies any means. He placed honor above success and went down in defeat. But to-day he is honored and respected as few soldiers have been, even in the section against which he fought. When German atrocities are inflicted upon us, as doubtless they soon will be, there will come a strong temptation to resort to at least a measure of retaliation. Will it not then be well to recall Lee's admonition that we are a Christian people?

Democracy is about to be tested as never before. Our success in keeping sane and poised will in a large measure vindicate or condemn free institutions. We are indeed fortunate that at such a moment we have the sustaining example of Lincoln and of Lee. And may we not feel encouraged to believe that a people which produces a Lincoln and a Lee amidst the hatreds of civil war and in the next generation unites in whole-hearted defence of the principles proclaimed by Woodrow Wilson will ultimately succeed in making democracy safe for the world and the world safe for democracy? CHARLES E. PAYNE

Grinnell College, Ia., March 17

Artois and the United States

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received from M. Charles Guillemant, Chanoine, Vicaire Général d'Arras, a pamphlet written by him, entitled "L'Hommage d'Arras et de l'Artois à l'Armée, Américaine, 1778-1917." Most of the brochure is taken up with a list of the French soldiers and sailors from these districts who came to our aid in 1778. But there are some sentences that I think might be of interest to your readers. Needless to say my translation lacks the grace of the original. ANNE BATES HERSMAN

St. Louis, Mo., January 15

The name of Arras has become sadly celebrated even beyond the Atlantic. The misfortunes of the martyr-city have aroused compassion and sympathy throughout America. But is it generally known that the alliance of Artois with the United States goes back one hundred and forty years? When the troops of Gen. Pershing disembarked at Boulogne, some of our ancestors must have trembled in their graves; they could have recognized, in the soldiers of 1917, the grandsons of the brave colonists whom they once aided to win their independence. For in 1778 many of our citizens crossed the ocean to fight by the side of Washington.

The city of Puy, in memory of Lafayette, born at the Château de Chavanac (Haute-Loire), has just presented a flag to one of the American regiments recently entered into line. The diocese of Arras has asked and obtained from Gen. Pershing the honor of offering to our new allies the same tribute. We perhaps have some right to do so. When the soldiers of the United States are marching through Artois, do they suspect that they are treading upon ground where formerly the cause of American independence awoke veritable enthusiasm? At the most critical moment of that unequal struggle, Louis XVI had the merit to throw into the balance, on the side of the young republic, the sword of France; Lafayette contributed to the cause the grace and chivalry of his twenty years; Rochambeau, who was later to become Governor of Artois, on a decisive day put his military experience at the service of Washington. But our ancestors also felt deeply this noble cause; and with their practical spirit, ever mindful of realities, they did not content themselves with voting acclamations and formulating sterile wishes. . . . A miniature of the frigate Artois [equipped by Artois for the aid of the colonists] adorned the museum of Arras. It perished, with everything else, in the flames of July 6, 1915. We should like to have a picture of the frigate embroidered on the flag that we are going to give to the soldiers of America; and to put there also the emblems of the province. The Artesians of 1917, in spite of the hard trials that they have undergone, desire to consecrate, by a lasting souvenir, the gesture that the Artesians of 1778 made in behalf of freedom. And some day the powerful Republic beyond the sea will recall our age-long faithfulness, and this Place des Etats—shattered by cannon balls—where our treaty of alliance was sealed, and this Museum of Arras where slept the slender frigate that we are going to draw from its long slumber, and that, in the folds of the starred flag, will wake to new life and guide our allies to victory: Hope and remember!

. . . . . .

At the moment when the most brutal and horrible of wars is raging, it will not be displeasing to our compatriots to turn their eyes to a chivalrous, disinterested struggle, a struggle *à la française;* and no one of them will contemplate unmoved the last ray of glory that illumines the old monarchy on the eve of its fall.

. . . . . .

All debts get paid. But it will be the honor of the United States and of President Wilson to have kept so vivid, after a hundred and forty years, the sentiment of gratitude, and to discharge magnificently in 1917 the note signed by Washington in 1778. Let his words serve as an epilogue to these lines: "If we do not get money and soldiers from France, our cause is lost."

September 15, 1917.

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BOOKS

The War and Its Issues

What Germany Is Fighting For. By Sir Charles Waldstein. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cents net.

Fighting for Peace. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

America's Case Against Germany. By Lindsay Rogers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

SIR CHARLES WALDSTEIN'S little volume deals largely with the manifesto published last year by Dietrich Schäfer in *Das Grössere Deutschland,* the official expression of the "Independent Committee for a German Peace" and of the "Six Associations"; in other words, of the *Alldeutsche* party. In the opinion of the author, its sponsors dissociated themselves from the extreme annexationists, while speeches of von Bethmann-Hollweg show that the manifesto expressed in substance the views of the Government itself. The terms are not very different from others declared heretofore. They suggest the boasting of Tannenberg and Frymann, and Chéradame's well-known fears. From France must be taken the Briey-Longwy districts, since future possession "is an economic necessity for us"; possibly also territories from Belfort to the coast; and this adversary must be so weakened that she can never again be dangerous. Belgium remains under German control; not annexed, but divided into a Flemish part, in some form attached to the empire, and a less important Walloon portion, "organized separately." Consent of the Belgians is not spoken of; it is entirely sufficient that Germany needs their country for a future easy thrust at France, and for such naval menace to England that the Fatherland will not again be lightly attacked. The "rights" of Germany in the East are greater. Russia has unlimited power to increase. She is hostile to Germany. In the future Germany must have larger population, and this can most safely be provided from an agricultural domain. So, in the east the occupied lands must be kept. Many of the inhabitants are really German and should be delivered. But, above all, here is the chance to get this territory. The chance will never return. In respect of the war, "England was and remains the chief culprit," but it is difficult to know how to damage her. Turkey must be left to the Germans, and the Bagdad railway extended to the sea, for unimpeded transportation to the Indian Ocean, and even to India itself. The scheme of Middle Europe is not favored, as in the writings of Naumann; nor the incorporation of smaller neighboring countries, as in some of the Pan-German plans; not even huge colonial dominions, though the Belgian Congo colonies ought to be kept.

Before the heinous peace of Brest-Litovsk was forced upon Russia, deluded and prostrate, one could refuse to believe that the Government and people of Germany were possessed with such lust for empire. But assuredly numerous writings and actions have revealed a lack of fairness, a want of consideration for the rights and feelings of others, an utter absence of the sense of fair play, inability or unwillingness to give and take, and complete abandonment of the old teaching to do as one would be done by. Even before the war this was only too evident in the hard, brutal utterances of her public men; for whom it was altogether sufficient for Germany to take that which she needed or desired. A callous selfishness has caused the degeneration of German public morality and nourished the *Real-Politik* and *Interessen-Politik* which have displaced older political ideals in the minds of their public men.

The Allied peoples are not altogether good nor the Germans entirely bad, and selfishness is inherent in human nature. Sir Charles Waldstein believes, however, that Frenchmen and English-speaking peoples, as compared with the Germans of to-day, have been saved from cynical selfishness by certain national characteristics, the result of inheritance and traditions. The Latin peoples, along with the defects of good qualities, have a more delicate emotional temperament, with more artistic imagination, resulting in a sense of proportion, a more highly developed social instinct, and a greater tendency towards human sympathy, which give them more vivid and effective feeling for the people with whom they deal. The English-speaking peoples, like the Germans, have less of this innate feeling, but they are saved from systematic brutality by ages of practice in self-government and by certain national habits. Humanity and higher idealism pertain notably also to Americans: "in their actual history in the past, no people has ever been moved to a larger extent by great moral aims and issues." These words, written before our entrance into the war, recall the earlier opinion of Ferrero. In the development of British character one of the important factors has been the age-long indulgence in pastimes and sports, "which have infused into the very backbone of the English-speaking man—and woman—the sense of fair play, the need for justice in our dealings, even with our rivals and competitors, and this sense has become a constitutional element in our mentality, the leading characteristic of the British and of all English-speaking peoples." We think this is true in the main, notwithstanding obvious faults. The author concludes that the German people in this war of frightfulness have thrown aside all chivalry and fairness.

"Fighting for Peace" is not, like some of Henry Van Dyke's previous writings, merely entertaining and pleasant. It admirably fulfils what he wishes, informing his countrymen in simple and vivid way how the Germans make war and what issues are involved in the struggle. It is one of the books which our returning diplomatic representatives are issuing at present. Though better written, it is less important than the work of Mr. Gerard, and less full of valuable information than Mr. Gibson's volume recently published.

As the author looks back upon it, there were not wanting portents and indications of the doom which impended. In June, 1914, he was in Luxemburg, where Dr. Eyschen spoke of the Luxemburger Loch, "the easiest military road between Germany and France." A day or so later he was angling just across the German frontier. Train after train loaded with gray-clad soldiers rolled down the strategic railroad from Köln to Trier. "Ach! it is *Pfingstferien,*" said his German companions. But his Luxemburg friends laughed: "Trier has a splendid climate for soldiers. The situation is *kolossal* for that!" The city was swarming with soldiers; there were parks of artillery; mountains of munitions and stores. Now Trier is just seven miles from Wasserbillig, where Luxemburg's neutrality was broken. The author may not have seen the boast of a German historical writer since then, that in the first five or six weeks of the war 800,000 men passed that way upon France. "From

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this little journey I went home to The Hague with the clear conviction that one nation in Europe was ready for war, and wanted war, and intended war on the first convenient opportunity." At a later time, when he went through the suburbs of Antwerp and looked at the forts which were battered to pieces, "we could see clearly the emplacements for the big German guns, which had been secretly laid long before the war began, concealed in cellars and beneath innocent looking tennis courts."

What fearful times soon came, when the tempest of war went roaring and swirling past the little kingdom of Holland! The natives were filled with unending fear that their country too would be entered. Once or twice the anxiety was almost a panic, but the Amsterdam Bourse remained calm, so the bankers probably had strong assurance that neither Germany nor Great Britain would invade their country provided the other abstained. Yet always men thought of the "scrap of paper." The news from over the border was more and more horrible. All the world knows what it was, but far away it can never mean what it did to those but a few hours distant. The author has known some of this. "Have I not heard with my own ears the agony of those whose parents were shot down before their eyes, whose children were slain or ravished, whose wives or husbands were carried into captivity?"

The real character and the inhuman effects of the German invasion were brought home by the sight of the fugitives. When at the very beginning Visé was set on fire, some families fled to Holland. More came after Liège, still more after Brussels was taken, and the tide of terror and flight rose to the highest when Antwerp and all hope were lost. "Nothing like that sad, fear-smitten exodus has been seen on earth in modern times." It is an admirable story, how finely and generously Holland gave shelter and food and kindliness to the miserable ones who poured in upon her. When the author went down the railway towards Antwerp, he saw every train literally packed with fugitives, and the station platforms crowded with folk in worn and motley garments—"tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands"—men with tired, drawn faces, women watching their restless little flocks, babies tugging at the breast.

There are remarks about the German spy system, with which the author had sometimes to deal; about devious and dishonorable diplomatic methods, which were attempted in Holland, as they were carried out in Argentina and Sweden; about "Germania Mendax" and the causes of the war; about the necessary terms of "Pax Humana," which are restitution, reparation, and guarantees for the future; and about the necessity that the free peoples of the world stand fast till the fight be won. The "Dialogue on Peace between a Householder and a Burglar" is excellent.

The larger causes of the war, discussed in "America's Case against Germany," have interested most those who considered the beginning of the struggle. And so with participation of the United States: the things we most cherished and feared—the death of democracy, the eclipse of humanity and justice, the menace of a new, more dreadful tyranny to the world, the destruction of that civilization which we love, things for a long time more apt to be felt than comprehended—they are now of greater interest than the matters which directly led to the breaking of relations and to war. But since it is well that direct and immediate causes be clearly known, the author of this volume has done well in giving a clear and simple account of the case upon which we took issue with the Government of Germany. The volume deals almost entirely with questions of international law, and there is accordingly a certain clearness of statement and rigidity of thought, a certain lack of emphasis upon the changing conditions of the present, which, proper as they may be, cause the matters discussed to seem simpler than when they were the subject of diplomatic controversy and official debate. Some minor errors or omissions might be noted, but altogether this work contains one of the best discussions of the subject that has thus far been published.

The author deals with the proclaiming by belligerents of closed zones on the high seas, and the protest made to Germany by our Government, when it announced that Berlin would be held to "strict accountability"; with questions relating to the Declaration of London; with the right of merchant vessels to be armed, long sanctioned by international law; with the sinking of the Lusitania, and our warning thereupon that another such act would be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly"; the assurances that "liners" would not be sunk, and that the safety of crews of ships not resisting and not fleeing would be provided for, and the repeated evasions and impertinent explanations which followed; the threat made by the United States to sever relations, and Germany's conditional promise thereupon; and with the retraction of this promise at last and announcement of the "death zones," which caused us to sever diplomatic relations and shortly after enter into the war.

Italy and the War

Six Months on the Italian Front. By Julius M. Price. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Italy at War. By Herbert Vivian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

IN this country less has been known of Italy than of our other European allies in the war. This has been due in part to the shortness of the fighting front as compared with that in France and Russia, which has made possible a stricter censorship, and in part to the fact that scarcely any Americans have been with the fighting forces in Italy.

"Six Months on the Italian Front" is almost too modest a title, since the book covers much of the first two years' campaigning after Italy entered the war. The author, as war-artist correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, arrived at Venice the day before that city was closed to the coming of correspondents, while workmen were removing the glorious windows of the Doge's Palace and protecting St. Mark's by a big bastion of sandbags. The first act of war between Italy and Austria was the dropping of bombs, at least one of which was incendiary, upon Venice, May 24, 1915. The total darkness from which that city has suffered on moonless nights is said to have cost more lives from accidental drowning in the canals than from bombs. Since Udine was at that time headquarters, the author soon went there as an artist for six profitable but precarious weeks, at the end of which he was expelled as a suspected correspondent. In those early days he was especially impressed by the readiness of Italy for war, the high spirits of the men, and the improvement in physique, virility, and self-possession of the Italians of to-day over those of a generation ago.

Later in the summer Mr. Price was one of the forty-one correspondents shepherded by the Italian Government

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through a six or seven weeks' tour of the front, twenty-six of these representing Italian papers, six French, seven English, and two Swiss. On this trip they were allowed full opportunity to see the Italian armies at work. The peculiar character of much of the fighting on the Italian front is picturesquely shown. In spite of wonderful feats of road-making in the Alps that should be of permanent utility, the carrying up of supplies has been a problem of tremendous difficulty; in one of the worst regions a gang of peasant women was seen carrying barbed wire up to the trenches in coils weighing from forty to fifty pounds each. The wounded had to be let down by ropes from the summits. The configuration of the country often made the use of aeroplanes and observation balloons impossible, so that the possession of the heights was of paramount importance. As the initial advantage lay with the Austrians, it required the highest skill and courage to win what the Italians did at that time. In consequence of such conditions, there was much more man-to-man fighting with a greater chance for individual bravery to count than in warfare on the plains. The almost incredible bravery of those splendid athletes, the Alpini, can scarcely be overestimated.

The indefatigability, the undaunted courage of the King and the love and sympathy between him and his men; the genius and resource of General Cadorna, together with his simple, unassuming manner; the popularity of Lieutenant Nathan, ex-Mayor of Rome; a chance meeting with the English-appearing Peppino Garibaldi, are all well described.

It was on the anniversary of the declaration of war, May 23, 1916, that the Austrians, after having concentrated 400,000 men in the Trentino, burst through what was known to be the weakest point in the Italian front and threatened the Venetian plain. In an incredibly short time the Italian line was strengthened until the Austrians were driven back from Arsiero and Asiago. The latter, however, retained a part of the heights they had taken, and from these were able to launch some of their flank attacks in November, 1917. Mr. Price returned from London just after the Austrians had been repulsed in 1916 and gives a graphic account of his experiences under fire on the Asiago Plain.

In August he was able with Barzini, the well-known Italian correspondent, to enter Gorizia immediately after its fall, after having passed through the débris, the destruction, and the death of No Man's Land, the captured trenches, and the battlefield itself. Probably not more than a hundred houses in the city had been injured by Italian shells. The great damage there was done by the Austrians later, in spite of the fact that several thousands of their own nationality helped to make up its civilian population, a fact that did not deter them from destroying the water supply of the city when they evacuated it.

The author of "Italy at War" has wandered through the peninsula collecting much interesting information, together with much that is gossip or the merest hearsay. Living among the people, listening to their experiences, and reading their letters from the front, he has many sidelights to throw upon the war. The opinions of the common people, the influences that led them into the war, the effect this has had upon them, and above all their conditions of every-day life, are given with much interesting detail. Mr. Vivian has also some good descriptions of the leaders as well as of the methods of warfare. One of the best chapters in the book is that concerning the clever cartoons that were so popular in Italy just before the war.

The Beginning of the War in Retrospect

My War Diary. By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

IT is interesting after three years to go back with Mme. Waddington to the beginning of the war as it appeared to an observer in Paris. The mobilization order brought upon the city not an emotional tumult, but a solemn hush. Mme. Waddington's first personal care was to see her son Francis off to join the colors; her next, to seek something to do herself. The obstacles she encountered in the latter effort will stir familiar memories among Americans. At the nearest Red Cross annex she tried "to get some models of garments for the sick and wounded, and to know what were the things most needed, but no one seemed to know anything"; so she was sent from one room to another, finding red-tape entanglements everywhere. She explains pathetically that she needed models "because some of the shirts which have been sent to the hospitals could never have been put on any human figure—the neck so small that the head of a new-born babe could hardly pass, and long, narrow sleeves that hung like strings from the shoulders." A glance at the diplomats shows us Herrick stating, on the evening of July 29, 1914, the reasons why a general war was inevitable; Schön delivering to Viviani, on August 4, Germany's declaration of war, based on the absurd charge "that French troops had invaded German soil, and that aeroplanes had dropped bombs in Germany"; Jusserand, home on a visit, apprehensive lest the enormous German population in America should create a hostile feeling towards France; Lehovany, the Rumanian Minister, refusing to dine at a club with Czecsen, the Austrian Ambassador, but conveying to him a polite hint that he had better leave Paris, and Czecsen resenting this and scheming to lure the French Government into handing him his passports, so as to put Italy into a false position, if possible.

Outside the official atmosphere, we are treated to homely pictures of happenings among the people when the parks and race-courses adjacent to Paris were turned into pastures for sheep and cattle, and the smallest chickens sold for fourteen francs; when soldiers travelling day and night in cattle cars were met at certain stopping-places by women and girls who refreshed them with cool drinks of water flavored with a dash of absinthe; when newspapers were so scarce in a provincial town that a kind-hearted subscriber would regularly hang his own copy, after reading, upon his garden wall, for the benefit of his neighbors; when Belgian refugees poured into France in search of food and shelter, bearing in their hands whatever they had been able to catch up at a moment's notice—pots, boots, a bird-cage, perhaps a saddle—all tired, hungry, grateful for kindness, but uncomplaining.

The French clergy play no inconsiderable part in Mme. Waddington's story, always with credit. There was, for instance, the curé of La Ferté, who, when the Germans captured the village and locked up the Mayor, was left to share with one municipal councillor the responsibility of preserving what they could from the impending wreck. The invaders demanded a ransom of twenty thousand francs, which the community could not possibly pay; but the priest induced them to allow him a little time, during which, escorted by four soldiers with fixed bayonets, he made the round of the houses, knocking at every door for a contribution, and

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succeeded in collecting a total of seven thousand francs, which was accepted for lack of anything better, and saved the place. But, though willing to do what he must under pressure, he was no hypocrite; and when a German officer of especial distinction tried to engage him in conversation about the war that had been forced upon Germany against her will, and concluded by offering to shake hands in farewell, he ignored the advance, but drew himself up and made a military salute. The officer, after a moment's hesitancy from chagrin, returned the salute, saying stiffly, "Je vous comprends, Monsieur l'Abbé," and left the room. Another pretty little picture is that of a Christmas tree prepared for the wounded soldiers in a Paris base hospital, to enjoy which the worst cases came on crutches or leaning on canes, with heads or arms bandaged, while those who could not walk were borne in on the backs of comrades who could.

Affairs in Fiction

The U. P. Trail. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Biography of a Million Dollars. By George Kibbe Turner. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

On the Stairs. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Boardman Family. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Flood Tide. By Daniel Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company.

AMERICAN novelists have been very busy of late with the drama of business, little and big. Much has been done in the popular vein, with its exaltation of industry, efficiency, cunning, and "success" as a species of booty to be wrung or filched from the majority. Happily there have been more serious studies of the man who does things, and of affairs in the larger sense. "The U. P. Trail" attempts to interpret that huge enterprise, the opening of the West through the building of the Union Pacific, which was of so great moment in our national existence. The book must be judged an attempt rather than an achievement, because the author does not succeed in fusing material and action. Perhaps he has had too long experience as a popular story-teller to be able to break away, as he has evidently wished to, from the tricks of his trade. If only he might have expressed his big conception without tying it down to the limitations and absurdities of a melodramatic love-plot! For it is a big conception, as Louis Stevenson saw long ago. In that great feat of engineering, of pioneering, in its human elements, its polyglot hordes shifting ever westward, with their roaring vices, their greed, their sacrificial labor, he saw "the one typical achievement of the age in which we live, as if it brought together into one plot all the ends of the world and all the degrees of social rank and offered to some great writer the busiest, the most extended, and the most varied subject for an enduring literary work." The present narrative contains notable passages of description, is successful in the conveyance of human and scenical types. It honestly aspires to paint an heroic picture of that mighty episode. But it is doomed to failure from the outset by the story-teller's inability to give human body to his greater action. He has a big theme, but makes a little story of it. The "heart interest" of the book, all its familiar machinery of the doughty young engineer, the distressed maiden, the gentlemanly gambler, the political grafter, and so on, merely succeeds in distracting the reader from what is supposed to be the real issue without engaging his serious attention for itself. Much better characterization may be found in the less pretentious "Biography of a Million Dollars." Its style, though of the brisk popular-magazine order, is superior to *the* accepted style of commercial fiction, since it is straightforward and humorous without being either bumptious or facetious. Moreover, though the publishers announce it as "the big business story of the decade," this story is actually based upon a decent and humane view of life. The hero, it is true, makes his million and has his fling at high finance without permitting himself to be too much hampered by minor scruples; but we are not required to worship him on that account, nor does his excellent wife permit him to worship himself. Indeed, before we have done with them, they have both given up the game of "success" and are prepared to deal with the business of living. Bill Morgan, the machinist, and "Pasc" Thomas, the inventor, with their contrasted but equally human mates, are sounder characterizations than are common in current fiction. Of Billings, and of Mr. Turner's other bankers and financiers, we may permit ourselves to feel less certainly assured. They resemble somewhat too unanimously that fishy-eyed, clammy-hearted millionaire-villain of the movies. Not that they descend to his ultimate depths of peculation and extortion and the systematic betrayal of widows and orphans. Young Mr. Billings, with his perfect social form and his icily determined pursuit of gain within the law, is a recognizable type: we cling to the hope that he is not (as his creator seems to make him out) a prevailing type of the American man of affairs. His method of reaching out and absorbing the success of Bill Morgan's motorcycle business as soon as its scale justifies his trouble is pretty clearly set forth as the method of all "finance." And the moral of the tale, in so far as it does not urge the worthlessness of money-making for its own sake, proclaims the corruption and selfishness of the masters of money—"those still-faced men that run that billion-dollar machine down in Wall Street—and grab off their slice of everything that comes up in the country."

The American man of affairs, and the quality of his success, are in large part the theme of several other outstanding novels of the hour. In "On the Stairs" and "The Boardman Family" he is not only given full credit for his achievement, but is deliberately and favorably contrasted with feebler types, notably the gentleman and the scholar. We are to take him to be, at least, in the midst of things, making his contribution to the sum of human activity, instead of idling or dreaming away his time, like the man of taste or the man of thought. The virtues of sturdy Sam Thatcher in "The Boardman Family" take the highest relief against the background of Everett Boardman's elegant vacuity. Everett has the best of manners and no vices, but also no morals or character in any positive sense. Even Levison, the vulgar theatrical man, is infinitely more a man than this handsome lack-lustre puppet. So with the ineffectual Raymond Prince of "On the Stairs," with his feeble provincial æstheticism. He is to be taken as a cutting indictment of the American culture of a generation ago—a silly figure, certainly, to offset against lusty, driving Johnny McComas. In neither of these books, novels of uncommon quality from the "literary" point of view, does there seem to be standing-room for the man of taste and formal education who may also be a man

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of force and achievement in affairs. Better to be a man than a gentleman, if one must really make a choice! These two novels show various likenesses in substance and mood. To begin with, they "cover" much the same ground in time and space and theme: the Middle-Western provincial society of the immediate past as standardized by its "best people," its native-born best. Moreover, they are both done in the tolerant, intimate, middle-aged manner—"The Boardman Family" with the leisurely Thackerayan touch Mrs. Watts has employed from the outset, and "On the Stairs" in a fashion more compact but also even more detached, nonchalant, and ruminating, and with a sharper edge of satiric humor. Mr. Fuller appears, indeed, to toss out his story in fragments, with an experimental and indifferent air. Here, he seems to suggest, is the substance of a story, the kind of thing that does go on in our little American world or worlds. What does it matter where, within a plain radius of possibilities, our characters are supposed to hail from, or what names we choose to give them? The deeper reality is what we are after—and let us not waste motion in getting at it. The result may seem, as the author admits, "less a Novel than a Sketch of a Novel or a Study for a Novel." It is a compact affair, written, says Mr. Fuller, "in the conviction that story-telling, whatever form it take, can be done within limits narrower than those now generally employed."

On the larger scale, with its three "Books," its chapters minutely subdivided with Roman numerals, is "Flood Tide," a new "life-story" in autobiographical form. Here once more is the retrospective mood, the tale of youth seeking its place in the world, as told from the vantage-point of maturity. In quality the book vaguely suggests Mr. Poole's "The Harbor." This youth also is a groper, a dreamer—an individualist, however, whose problem from first to last is of self-fulfilment rather than of service. Notably, however, his success in "big business" is merely an episode, and an unsatisfying one, of his quest. He has turned away from the promised safety of an academic career in order to engage more freely with life at first hand. He proves his ability to make money, and sickens of the process. Wealth enervates him, he becomes a waster, and the working out of his salvation begins with the loss of his loot. Through it all he remains a person of "temperament" rather than of character, excessively influenced by mood and circumstance. Apart from the "story," which is inconclusive and at times strained, the book makes a real contribution to our literature of "localism" in its minutely faithful interpretation of the New England coast town of Coffin's boyhood, a Gloucester or a Newburyport, and of the freshwater college of his youth.

Contributors to this Issue

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A Laboratory of Economic Experiments

New Zealand in Evolution. By Guy H. Scholefield. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

NOW that the leading Governments of the world have taken the plunge into Socialism, at least as a war measure, a new interest is attached to the little island state at the Antipodes which led the way. How New Zealand experimented in novel functions of government is the main subject of Mr. Scholefield's well-studied, well-arranged, and well-written account of his country's economic evolution. The first edition appeared in 1906; the second ten years later. It is a work no student of political economy or of the history of colonization can afford to neglect.

New Zealand is a small community. Its population is something over a million, about a third of Chicago's, though as recently as 1873 it amounted to no more than 300,000. New Zealanders are overwhelmingly British in their origin, as is attested by their consumption of nine millions of home-brewed beer per annum, and by their hearty support of Great Britain in this present mighty fray. The climate is well-nigh perfection. The sun never blisters, the rain never chills. The soil is very fertile. There is no vast central desert as in Australia. The natural resources are many and varied; and yet, in spite of all these advantages, the progress of the community has been strangely irregular, a history of "boom times" followed by periods of deep depression. The threefold growth of population already noted and the greater stability of conditions coincide with the growing paternalism of the state. According to Mr. Scholefield, the overstepping of the traditional limits which bound the state's activities was due to practical difficulties which had to be met and overcome. New Zealand became a "very prosperous and sanguine community" with an export trade of thirty-six million pounds sterling per annum.

The main obstacle to New Zealand's development lay in the physical conditions. Two islands at the Back of Beyond, settled haphazard by little groups of immigrants here and there, divided by the natural obstacles of a hilly and even mountainous country, divided also in interests and government, having communication only by sea, could hardly be expected to develop in any coherent, consistent way. Vogel, the financial wizard of the colony, devised a scheme for driving a railway through both islands, thus opening up the public domain for settlement. The cost of the railway was to be paid in land alongside, as in the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Other portions of land were to be reserved for incoming settlers; and immigration was selected and "assisted." In thirteen years the population of the colony doubled. With the influx of settlers came the well-known "boom" in real estate. Between 1872 and 1881 the public debt increased from ten to twenty-eight million pounds. New Zealand "flourished" on the lavish expenditure of borrowed money. Depression followed, as the night the day. It seems inevitable that every new community should suffer the curse of the land-shark. In New Zealand speculators bought up likely tracts of land and sold them at fictitious values to settlers. After the "boom," the farmer found himself burdened with land he could not sell and with a mortgage he could not pay. The Government stepped in between the farmer and the usurer and created a loan fund upon approved securities at five per cent., much below the mar-

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ket rate. Twenty thousand persons have taken advantage of this fund and become debtors to the Government instead of to the money-lender. Repayment is at a flat rate over a term of years, so much for every hundred pounds borrowed, and including both principal and interest, as in an ordinary building society. This is not merely a philanthropic undertaking; it is a business venture yielding a substantial return. In 1907–8 the net profits amounted to more than a quarter of a million dollars. With some reservations, this scheme has the approval of both political parties.

What the Government did for the farmer it did also for the artisan. The towns were cursed with high rents, because exploiters had seized the land—the old, old story of "prosperity." The Government tackled the housing problem, and in all the main centres built suitable houses at a fixed price and rented them at a uniform rate of five per cent. on cost, plus insurance. Houses of five rooms with bathroom and scullery rent for about three dollars and a half per week.

Besides these activities, the Government conducts a life and fire insurance business, a public trust office, a state sawmill, and state workshops for the Government railways. It operates coal mines and oyster beds. It even does business in trading stamps. When the Bank of New Zealand was tottering, the Government came to the rescue, and by reason of its backing the bank has now become a sound dividend-paying concern.

Less open to adverse criticism is the Government's encouragement of the great wool and mutton industry. The climate of New Zealand is extremely favorable for sheep-raising. The trouble was to find a market for the output. Wool could be clipped and stored; but the shorn carcass was a drug in the market. In these hard times, one reads with amazement of sheep sold at sixpence a head to be turned into fertilizer! Coöperation, subsidies to steamer lines, and cold storage changed all that. The figures are instructive. In 1907, more than one hundred and fifty million pounds of wool were exported and more than four and a half million carcasses of mutton and lamb. That tells a tale of difficulties overcome. It may be "Socialism," but call it coöperation, and where is the sting? Mr. Scholefield is apparently of opinion (p. 259) that state Socialism has about run its course in New Zealand, and that the present tendency is to "leave more and more to private enterprise."

The truth would seem to be that conditions in New Zealand were exceptional, that the paternalism of the state may be a passing phase in the evolution of a community still instinctively individualistic, and, finally, that economic experiments may succeed in a small country with a rural population in the majority which would be impossible in a country like the United States.

> Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—
> On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
> Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
> To seek the Happy Isles!

So sings the encomiast of New Zealand. His view is justified by the many excellent illustrations in this admirable book. They are views of a landscape very different from the American scene. It would seem to be a clean land of perpetual sunshine. Some years ago, a tyrannical Scotch minister in Cape Breton had his flock build a ship; and he sailed in it with his whole parish to New Zealand. In the present evil world—cold, hungry, distracted—not a few would fain follow his example.

Notes

HARPER & BROTHERS announce for publication immediately "The Panama Plot," by Arthur B. Reeve.

Among the April announcements of Stokes Company are the following: "Surgeon Grow: An American in the Russian Fighting," by Captain Malcolm C. Grow; "The Boy's Military Manual," by Virgil D. Collins; "The American Spirit," by Franklin K. Lane.

In April Longmans, Green & Company will publish: "Welfare and Housing," by J. E. Hutton; "A Spiritual Æneid: Being Some Account of the Author's Religious Wanderings and Reconciliations to the Church of Rome," by R. A. Knox; "The Delayed Decision," by E. A. Burroughs; "Edith Cavell and Other Poems," by David Anderson; "The School and Other Educators," by John Clarke; "Over the Hills and Far Away," by Guy Fleming.

THE various types of war correspondence with which the publishers have bombarded us since 1914 have undergone many changes. In the early days of the war we were avid for any and every authentic record, and many of these have passed into history. But when, after the battle of the Marne, the combatants went to earth to fight like moles a war of attrition, when affairs of trench and outpost became of supreme importance, and gain or loss was counted by yards if not by inches, the official communiqués sent us to topographical maps. In "The Old Front Line" (Macmillan; $1) John Masefield has essayed a thankless task. Through page after page he leads us with a monotony of names and description already impressed on our memories by the daily press. Through these pages of meticulous description the chastened pen of Mr. Masefield moves tirelessly and conscientiously with never an essential map or topographical diagram. He reminds us that his task is performed for the post-bellum visitor, but without map or diagram it will be difficult for the visitor to recreate from the landscape what the French peasant is rapidly making his own once more. The undertaking essayed by Mr. Masefield is unrewarding since place and event are not lighted up by the detail that will emerge after the war from personal or official memories. Here and there the monotonous record is characteristically warmed by the occasional flash and flicker of a poet's phrase and fancy. Perhaps Mr. Masefield has too much taken to heart the lesson read over his brilliant if rhetorical "Gallipoli." This "epic of failure" merited the praise bestowed. But in "The Old Front Line" the illustrations are familiar enough through our Sunday supplements, and there are no maps or diagrams to justify the care that the author has lavished on an uncongenial theme.

"FORCED to Fight," by Erich Erichsen (McBride; $1.25 net), is the tale of the service of a Schleswig Dane in the German army. The story, slight enough in itself, is told with remarkable verisimilitude; it is no doubt to this quality that the many editions of the Danish original are due. The English translator has enlarged the title to "Forced to Fight for the Huns" and the publishers have proclaimed with evident gusto that the sale of the book is prohibited in Germany. But it would be a mistake to suppose that there is any violently anti-German tone in the author's plain narrative of the "silent Dane" who performed

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his duty conscientiously and even earned the Iron Cross. It is only when the crime against Belgium is touched upon that the narrator's smouldering indignation against all warfare breaks into active flame. For the rest, he adds: "We are not the only ones who have committed vile deeds. But we have certainly committed the most and the worst because we have had the greatest opportunity and because we have been filled to the brim with a brutal and self-confident pride and that contempt for all hindrances which never considers the means if only the object is attained."

MR. ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE'S book on "The German Terror in Belgium" (Doran; $1 net) has for its subject the treatment of the civil population in the invaded country during the first three months of the war. The outrages committed since then, according to the author, have not been of the same character or on the same scale. The crimes of the occupation will, therefore, have to be dealt with separately. The author makes use of various documents like the Bryce report, and is enabled to give a fairly connected account from first-hand statements. It is his opinion that such an ordered and documented narrative of the attested facts is the best preparation for that judicial appraisement for which the time is not yet ripe because of the repeated refusal of the German Government to allow an investigation to be made. The book may be cheerfully recommended to those who wish to have the subject of German atrocities presented convincingly and without too much repetition; others had better leave it alone. There are three interesting maps showing the tracks of the armies.

WHEN we look beyond the campaign on the western front to the final adjustment, the Balkans, and Servia in particular, loom up with a significance equal to Belgium's and with a promise of even greater difficulty in the settlement. The matter is brought before us again by the Rev. R. G. D. Laffan in "The Guardians of the Gate, Historical Lectures on the Serbs" (Oxford University Press; $2.25 net). As chaplain with the British Army Service Corps attached to the Servian army he has developed the same admiration for the Servians manifested by Mr. Fortier Jones and the Askews in volumes already reviewed in the *Nation*. The present treatment is very largely historical instead of personal, yet the easy informality of the lectures makes pleasant reading. The narrative is nowhere so vivid as in Mr. Jones's recital, nor is the observation so detailed as in the Askew account. On the other hand, in its pedestrian manner it journeys quite to the end of the Servian chapter, for it seems likely that the Macedonian campaign of 1916 is the last the Servians will engage in. The history, however, makes no pretence to completeness. The interesting question of origins is omitted entirely, and a very few pages serve to bring the reader to the nineteenth century. This allotment of space is partly due to the inaccessibility of books in camp, but more to the purpose of bringing into relief the effort of Vienna and Berlin to crush the whole Jugo-Slav movement. The murder at Sarajevo is traced to an effort of Austria to break up the plans for consolidating the Southern Slavs into a single state. The final chapter takes up that very aspiration for unity and independence. Though the intricate nature of the diplomatic tangle is recognized, the programme of the Jugo-Slav Committee is considered in a more hopeful spirit than most students of the Balkans can summon. Governmental experiments in that region, even as they are recorded in these pages, have not been reassuring.

GEN. J. C. SMUTS'S account of German East Africa in the *Geographical Journal* for March has an unusual interest. His references to his victorious campaign there emphasize the remarkable human endurance of his soldiers in the dense forests and impassable swamps in the fierce heat of a tropical sun. While he does not believe that it is a region for white colonization, yet through wise administration and teaching the natives will be able to add materially to the industrial wealth of the world through the possession of "vegetable and mineral oils, cotton, sisal, rubber, jute, and similar products in vast quantities." The future of Siberia is treated by Col. H. Swayne in a most suggestive manner. One of the immediate effects of the present war he believes will be its development by Russia, "helped by the combined organizing powers of the United States and Western Europe."

FROM the remotest regions of the world-conflict stories of action are now coming in. They are, for the most part, from the hands of men who were suddenly wrenched from the ordered quiet and comforts of European life and flung into the trackless desert or the lush, unhealthy silences of the jungle, where Nature is impartially at war with warring man. Captain Brett Young's "Marching on Tanga" (E. P. Dutton; $1.50 net) is one of the most vivid of these tropical records. What he has written, from the point of view of a medical officer, gives a partial outlook on the whirlwind campaign of General Smuts in German East Africa. He skilfully discloses a thrilling panorama of the torrid bush and desert intervals on a difficult terrain; as a loyal nature-lover he succeeds in finding color and atmosphere in a scene that might easily prove monotonous. Captain Young also reveals a somewhat poignant picture of the homesick combatant, reluctantly impressed by the fierce beauty of tropical Africa, but always remembering the kindlier beauty of his Devonshire country home. His sketches of the picturesque fighting units from India that were brigaded with the Australians and South Africans in the expedition, the feeling he conveys of the relentless speed and pressure with which the campaign was fought against

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a mobile and cunning foe, the sufferings of man and beast in a pitiless country, are staged against some beautiful bits of nature description.

ONE who wishes to have not only information of the work, but also the "feel" of the responsibility and the romance of the aeroplanes at the front, will be grateful for "Cavalry of the Clouds" (Doubleday, Page), by "Contact," otherwise Captain Alan Bott. Captain Bott knows how to mingle fact and incident to the advantage of both and has a sense of proportion that serves him well in his task of depicting one of the most important developments of the war. His pages are crowded with his experiences as an observer over the enemy's lines, and he relishes to the full the telling of them, but they serve the purpose of enlightening the reader and not merely entertaining him. One has a sense of sharing the dangers and the triumphs, which itself sharpens one's understanding of this spectacular arm of the service. Besides his own work, which was mainly long reconnaissance, the author gives glimpses of the artillery craft, the photography machines, the bombers, and the "aristocrats of the air," the single-seater fighting scouts. His graphic style adds to the effectiveness of his story.

IN James McConnell's "Flying for France" (Doubleday, Page; $1), a history of the American Flying Corps in France, one finds again this note of exhilaration, youthful daring, and abnegation, which appears to be characteristic of those who fight on wings. The visions presented of the Escadrille starting out on a sortie, of vivid battles above the clouds, of pilots with dead gunners beside them and a hail of bullets about them, running down the enemy, or hurtling in their crumpled wings to certain death, all reveal the spirit of a high and thrilling knight-errantry. All of these young Americans, most of whom, including the author, have lost their lives in the cause, seemed inspired with the sense of a sacred duty to France, which is expressed in the words of one of them—"I pay my part for Lafayette and Rochambeau." With this pervading sentiment, one feels preëminently the gallant high spirits and adventurous delight of all these knights of the air who formed our advance guard into the great war.

READERS of the *Saturday Review* will not be surprised that its former editor, Harold Hodge, in his "In the Wake of the War" (Lane; $1.50 net), finds many weak spots in the English parliamentary and party systems; and they will doubtless enjoy the caustic, but not ill-natured, language in which he phrases his criticism. "Two essential things," Mr. Hodge declares, "are left out, if they are not excluded, by our present system. We have no Imperial Government—no Government either including or representing all parts of the Empire—and the people, though under a democratic régime, have no concern in the settlement of questions of policy." What is wanted is "some plan by which the work of government may be efficiently thought out and carried into action at the same time that the intelligence of the people is brought into coöperation with the executive." Mr. Hodge proposes an Imperial Council, "not responsible to any Parliament, British or Colonial," which would take over the work of the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, the War Office, the India Office, and the Colonial Office. Included in the membership of such a council would be representatives of all the self-governing dominions and India, and perhaps a representative of British organized labor. The council "would be obliged to refer to the whole body of electors throughout the Empire certain fixed questions every year, and other questions involving changes, as they came up." Such a body, he thinks, would provide, what is now lacking, an authority "really supreme throughout the Empire," and bring into organic relation with "the supposed British Imperial Government" those parts of the Empire which at present have no vital association with it. The arrangement would render impossible, for example, the promulgation by responsible statesmen of such a view as that expressed by Sir Wilfred Laurier, to the effect that Canada, if Sir Wilfred were the political head of it, would not join in a war waged by the British Imperial Government unless Canada approved. Moreover, it would not involve the creation of an Imperial Parliament, to all the proposed forms of which Mr. Hodge finds weighty objections. The responsibility of the Council would be to the people directly, or indirectly through the British and Dominion Parliaments. The proposal is at least a thoughtful contribution to the problem of Imperial reorganization, of which the Imperial War Cabinet is, thus far, the only scheme actually in operation.

THE historical study of "Portugal: Old and Young" (Oxford University Press) will be a revelation to many readers, both of the important part which Portugal took, four centuries ago, in opening up the New World and inaugurating the age of commercial and colonial expansion, and of the high character of its literature at that time. The author, George Young, till recently secretary of the English Legation at Lisbon, begins his history with the advent of the House of Burgundy in the twelfth century and brings it down to the establishment of the republic, emphasizing especially the entry of Germany as an economic and political element of its life. Portuguese interest in literature at the present time is shown by the fact that one who has given poetic expression to the national ideals and devoted himself to the exploration of the field of its literature and folklore, Dr. Braga, has twice been made President of the republic.

IT is pleasant and infinitely cheaper, if one is going to have anything to do with the rehabilitation of a farm, to read about it in a book. John Williams Streeter's story, "The Fat of the Land" (Macmillan; $1.50), is not new; it was published first in 1904, and is now reissued, presumably because the war makes us all putative farmers. His account of the development of a "factory farm" and a well-paying investment out of land that had been allowed to run down is entertaining and liberally ballasted with information.

THRIFT having become so suddenly fashionable, Frances Duncan has written a book advising about its culture in the garden. "Home Vegetables and Small Fruits" (Scribners; $1.40 net) gives about 200 pages of helpful information about soil, planting, and crops, as well as storing, drying, and canning vegetables, much after the fashion of many other treatises which have been written in the past two hundred years and have been devoured by the enthusiastic amateur. With one diffierence: that any discussion of gardening now begins and ends with the war. Of course, raising one's own vegetables is not necessarily synonymous with thrift. Your true garden-lover has his garden at any cost. And he is patriotic because he is adding to the world's visible supply of food.

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Drama

Horrors of the War Play

WAR and the drama do not make a happy combination, and the war play has become one of the minor horrors of war. Word comes to us from Paris that in the latest successful war play there the spirit of France seems belittled and her glory vulgarized. In London the stage has long sought release from the world's tragedy in trivial comedy. In America the declining theatrical season is approaching its end amid bursting bombs and perfervid oratory in an orgy of bellicose patriotism as noisy as it is undramatic.

The curve of popularity of the war play in America has probably reached its highest point at the present moment. Although a succession of plays, half thriller, half propaganda, dramatizing some phase of the war or using it as a background, have passed before us in an unending procession since 1914, only one or two of these are now even remembered by name. Miss Beulah Marie Dix's "Across the Border" and "Moloch," in which the horror, the cruelty, and the futility of war were depicted with poignant feeling and vivid imagination; Mr. R. C. Megrue's melodrama, "Under Fire"; the sentimental but effective "Lilac Time," by Jane Murfin and Jane Cowl; and Mr. J. Hartley Manners's "Out There," frankly a recruiting play, alone survive oblivion to-day.

During the early part of the present season, the war play fell to its lowest estate. The fact that our country had entered the war was gayly advertised in various "musical shows" and spectacles by decking chorus girls in the American flag or draping them as Goddesses of Liberty; but no "legitimate" American play treated of the war. That astute purveyor of what the public wants, Mr. David Belasco, announced *ex cathedra* that audiences want to forget the war in the theatre and proceeded to supply a light comedy and a melodrama as far removed from war as from life. The war play seemed about to perish from sheer inanition, when a sudden wave of propagandist ardor gave it renewed life.

Meanwhile France had sent us Henri Bernstein's "L'Elévation," in which was reflected the national exaltation of spirit through the war. From England came plays expressing the national tendency to make light of serious things in times of stress. "Billeted," by F. Tennyson Jesse and J. M. Harwood, a woman's comedy of war time rendered almost brilliant by Miss Margaret Anglin's acting, and Mr. Cyril Harcourt's "A Pair of Petticoats," are teacup-and-drawing-room comedies with the war as an agreeable background. "General Post," too, is cheerfully patriotic; but its author, Mr. J. E. Harold, throws an interesting sidelight on certain possible results of the war in his satire on the social snobbery and the rigid class distinction of English life.

Three hybrids now holding the stage in New York, made over from the English for American consumption by the simple device of transforming the heroine, the hero, or the soldiers to be saved into Americans, bear all the earmarks of their origin. "Her Country," by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode, shows the lamentable results of an American girl's marriage to a Prussian officer. Brought to America by the Propaganda Productions Corporation, its sponsors have unhappily failed to adapt characters and situations to the American point of view; but in that supreme moment of the great scene, when the Kaiser's picture falls crashing to the floor, joy reigns supreme. The demands made on the war dramatist are not exigent. "The Man Who Stayed at Home," a clever spy-comedy by Lechmore Worrall and J. E. H. Terry, depending largely on mechanical "tricks" for its suspense, appeared here first in 1915 as "The White Feather" and failed almost at once. Now, under new auspices, appealing obviously for the American dollar, it has been réchauffé́d, supplied with an introductory quotation from Mr. Roosevelt, sprinkled with preparedness speeches, furnished with an American transport to be sunk instead of the original British ship, and altogether transformed into a perfectly good commercial article. "Seven Days' Leave," by Walter Howard, is another "made-over" play, a joyous English melodrama in which a German spy is forced to give up her bathing suit to the English heroine, so that the latter may swim out to sea to save her American lover and an American troopship.

The first play to pay the tribute of contemptuous recognition to the pacifist is "An American Ace," by L. J. Carter, a crude and noisy melodrama of the sort that formerly flourished on the Bowery, but that now belches forth bathos, fire, and gas in Broadway. More reputable and genuinely American contributions to our war drama earlier in the season were two interesting one-act plays, "Efficiency," at the Greenwich Village Theatre, in which Mr. R. H. Davis and Mr. P. P. Sheehan satirize the spirit of militarism; and "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, with its scene laid in the forecastle of a munitions ship, produced by the Washington Square Players with full justice to its realism and dramatic quality.

The formula for the successful war play as it appears in New York at present seems exceedingly simple. Two German spies at least —"male and female created he them," as in the Garden of Eden—and an American hero in khaki express "the clash of wills." Aeroplanes, a battle in the clouds, submarines, cruisers firing at sea, bursting hand grenades, a gas attack in the trenches, even a "barrage" fire, are supplied by enterprising managers eager to make the most of the patriotic spirit; for if "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," according to that sturdy patriot, Dr. Johnson, it is now threatening to become the first resort of the purely commercial manager. Danger lies here not only for the drama, but for the public. The lengths to which the crude and narrow spirit engendered by war time may go have been abundantly illustrated. These war melodramas that are becoming "yellow" drama, without dramatic value, without depth, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," do not properly express our national spirit. In the French war play there are heroics, tears, and noble sentiments resonantly declaimed; in the English plays patriotism appears with a well-bred smile and light laughter. Must America express itself in terms of melodrama, with mechanical contrivances instead of spiritual crises, and florid oratory instead of the truth? M. C. D.

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Finance

The Third War Loan

THE beginning last Saturday of the nation-wide "drive" for the third Liberty Loan introduced a campaign which will unquestionably be the most interesting of the series. It is not merely that the spectacular "publicity devices" common to all recent war loan campaigns, in Europe and in this country, have already been set in motion on a quite unexampled scale. What this of itself amounts to is shown by the description of the programme in a single Federal Reserve district—that of which Chicago is the centre—where seven tons of advertising matter are being sent out daily by the committees, with arrangements for making the full output of the campaign at least 300 tons, and where, it is further stated, all available orators, politicians, "feature writers," and moving-picture halls have been engaged for the period of the canvass.

An even more striking illustration of the spirit with which the undertaking has begun is the fact that practically all the financial houses which deal in investment bonds, and particularly those which send out "road salesmen," have suspended their own ordinary activities, so as to apply their whole machinery to selling Liberty bonds. In the cities, the banks are foremost in putting pressure on their clientage to subscribe; the department stores and the schools being also more thoroughly organized for the purpose than ever before. In the country districts the personal and house-to-house canvass has been thoroughly mapped out. Local associations, labor organizations, and farmers' unions are essential factors in this part of the campaign. It is certain that the agricultural districts of the West and South, whose resources were hardly touched in the last two war-loan subscriptions, will be attacked with systematic energy.

In one respect, this third Liberty Loan campaign stands quite apart from any previous canvass of the sort during the war; and that is, that such doubts as have surrounded it at the outset were based, not on the fear that the amount asked for by the Government was too large, but that it was too small. The explanation of that singular paradox is that the campaign committees, having been keyed up for a six or eight billion minimum requisition by the Government, were chiefly concerned lest the reduction of that requisition to three billions (because of discovery of the overestimate of war expenditure) would cause such relaxation of effort as would imperil the best achievement.

At the moment, there seems to be little danger of any such result. On all sides one encounters evidence of enthusiasm, of determination to eclipse previous efforts, and of that "sporting spirit" which instils determination to make one city's subscription surpass its previous achievement and one Federal Reserve district not only beat its own record, but run beyond the neighboring district. Back of everything else is the immense stimulus imparted to the imagination by the news of the final assault of the Hohenzollern armies on the western European front, the magnificent reply of our French and English allies, and the movement of the American expeditionary army to the battle front.

No previous war loan has been floated under quite this electric inspiration, and it is difficult to imagine the results falling short of the character of the occasion. What will perhaps supersede all other considerations of interest will be the descent of the canvassers on the farm communities of the prosperous interior States. How prosperous that part of the country actually is may be judged from compilations of the exchange of bank checks during March—which decreased from 1917 in the industrial East, increased only 7¾ per cent. in the nearer West, but scored the remarkable expansion of 36 per cent. in the Southern States and 48½ in the Western wheat and corn belt.

It was to precisely such communities as those that Jay Cooke's canvassers went with the then newly invented "coupon bonds" in 1863. The Treasury had up to that time found Wall Street hesitating, unresponsive, and inclined to fix prohibitory rates. That first of the great "popular drives"—for the loan drive, like almost every other novelty of modern warfare, was invented and introduced in peaceful America—did not actually hit the mark until the farmers and the farmers' wives had suddenly begun to realize, by their individual experience, what the war meant to them.

Sixty millions and a hundred millions had been considered an achievement beyond expectation in the previous solicitations of the period. Direct appeal to the people in that critical year of the Civil War brought the then all but unimaginable sum of $800,000,000 to the Government. We are now about to witness a similar experiment, conducted under similar conditions, and on the vastly greater scale suited to the country's new economic prestige, power, and wealth. Since the Treasury is this time to accept all oversubscriptions, and since the first $2,000,000,000 Liberty Loan was actually oversubscribed by $1,035,200,000 and the second $3,000,000,000 loan by $1,617,500,000, it is no unreasonable expectation and, in fact, is the objective mark of the present committees, that there shall on this occasion be applications of $5,000,000,000 for the third loan, whose minimum requirement is placed by the Government at $3,000,000,000.

ALEXANDER D. NOYES

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Blest-Gana, A. Martin Rivas. Translated by Mrs. C. Whitham. Knopf. $1.60 net.
Cable, G. W. The Flower of the Chapdelaines. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Chartres, A. V. The Outrage. Knopf. $1.35 net.
Galsworthy, J. Five Tales. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hodgson, W. H. Captain Gault. McBride. $1.35 net.
Hurst, F. Gaslight Sonatas. Harper. $1.40 net.
"Ropshin." Savinkov, B. What Never Happened. Translated by T. Seltzer. Knopf. $1.60 net.
Stanley, Lady. Miss Pim's Camouflage. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Watts, M. S. The Boardman Family. Macmillan. $1.60.

MISCELLANEOUS

Adams, B. "Nothing of Importance." McBride. $1.50 net.
A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. IX: Si-St. Edited by J. A. H. Murray, H. Bradley, W. A. Craigie, and C. T. Onions. Oxford University Press. $2.
A "Temporary Gentleman" in France. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Chute, A. H. The Real Front. Harper. $1.50 net.
Dale, A. When a Man Commutes. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Dawson, C. The Glory of the Trenches. Lane. $1 net.
Gallichan, W. M. The Psychology of Marriage. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Handbook of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office. 65 cents.
Hunt, E. E. Tales from a Famished Land. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

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Hurst, G. B. With Manchesters in the East. Longmans, Green. 90 cents.
Knyvett, R. H. "Over There" with the Australians. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Lucas, E. V. A Boswell of Baghdad. Doran. $1.35 net.
Middleton, E. C. Glorious Exploits of the Air. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Roebuck, J. R. The Science and Practice of Photography. Appleton. $2 net.
"Tattler." National Miniatures. Knopf. $1.50 net.
The Russian Revolution. The Jugo-Slav Movement. Harvard University Press. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Clutton-Brock, A. Studies in Christianity. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Hough, L. H. The Significance of the Protestant Reformation. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
McIlvaine, E. L. The Compass. Badger. $1 net.
Peck, G. C. Side-Stepping Saints. Methodist Book Concern.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Atwood, H. F. Back to the Republic. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1 net.
Laughlin, J. L. Credit of the Nations. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Rosewater, F. The Coming Golden Age. Published by the author.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Lonn, E. Reconstruction in Louisiana after 1868. Putnam. $3 net.
Wanamaker, R. M. The Voice of Lincoln. Scribner. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL

Gordon, G. B. In the Alaskan Wilderness. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $3.50 net.

POETRY

Bradley, W. A. Singing Carr. Knopf. 75 cents net.
Cropsey, A. A Study in English Metres. Knopf. $1 net.
De Casseres, B. The Shadow Eater. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Co.
Drinkwater, J. Poems, 1908-14. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Georgian Poetry, 1916-17. Putnam. $2 net.
Stilgebauer, E. Die Stunde der Entscheidung. Basel: Frobenius.

JUVENILE

Altsheler, J. A. The Great Sioux Trail. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Barbour, R. H. Keeping His Course. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Best, S. M. World Famous Stories in Historic Settings: Egypt and Her Neighbors; Glorious Greece and Imperial Rome; Western Europe; Merry England. Macmillan. 60 cents each.
Finnemore, J. The Renegade. Macmillan. $1.50.
Grosvenor, J. Strange Stories of the Great Valley. Harper.
Heyliger, W. Don Strong. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Mitchell, A. F. Paz and Pablo. World Book Co.
Ryder, A. W. Twenty-Two Goblins. Translated from the Sanskrit. Dutton. $3 net.
Theiss, L. E. A Champion of the Foothills. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Van Loon, H. W. A Short History of Discovery. McKay. $1.50 net.
Walker, A. P. The Sandman's Hour. 3 vols. Harper.
Walter, L. E., and Broadwood, L. Some Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France, and Russia. Macmillan. $2.

EDUCATION AND TEXTBOOKS

Cicero. Orationes. Oxford University Press. $1.40.
Clark, B. M. An Introduction to Science. American Book Co. $1.20.
Clark, B. M. Laboratory Manual for an Introduction to Science. American Book Co. 44 cents.
Davis, K. C. School and Home Gardening. Lippincott.
Fisher, S. G. American Education. Badger. $1.25 net.
Fuentes, V., and Elías, A. Manual de Correspondencia. Macmillan. $1.
Grant, A. J. A History of Europe. Longmans, Green. $2.75.
Holmes, E. The Problem of the Soul. Dutton. $1.
Hughes, D. Illustrations of Chaucer's England. Longmans, Green. $2.50 net.
Hunt, B. A Community Arithmetic. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Kryloff, I. A. Select Fables. Edited by J. H. Freese. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Mainwaring, C. L., and Paine, W. L. Lingua Latina. Secundus Annus. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.
Méras, A. A. and B. Le Premier Livre. American Book Co. 64 cents.
Patterson, W. R. Language-Student's Manual. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Smyth, H. W. A Greek Grammar. American Book Co. $1.50.

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Summary of the News

THE great battle of Picardy, after a lull of several days in the fighting, was resumed with violence on April 4. According to German accounts, the marked decrease in the fighting was due to stormy weather that had greatly hampered the bringing up of heavy cannon along the muddy roads and delayed the transport service, and not to any success by the Allies. The attempt to drive a wedge between the French and the British by forcing a breach between Amiens and Montdidier has not succeeded thus far, and Arras and Amiens have not been taken, although the enemy is now less than two miles from the Amiens railway. In the second offensive against Amiens a heavy blow was launched against the British, who were forced back on their left and compelled to yield at Hamel on April 4. This offensive began, like the one on March 21, with a hurricane of artillery fire, followed by an infantry attack on Amiens from three directions—from Albert, along the Amiens-Rosières railroad, and along the valley of the Avre, where the French held the line and were forced to yield Castel and Mailly, on the western banks of the Avre. The battle, beginning on a sixteen-mile front from the Somme to Grivesnes, has now been concentrated in an effort to reach Amiens, or the Amiens-Paris railway. At last accounts the Germans on April 7 had forced Gen. Foch's divisions back three miles on a ten-mile sector of the French right, while there was local fighting at other points of the vast battlefield, especially south and east of Chauny in the south, and north and south of the Somme, where minor improvements in the positions of the French and British were made. The total number of prisoners claimed by the Germans since March 21 is 90,000, along with the capture of more than 1,300 guns. In the last few days the enemy has gained ground steadily by paying a heavy price in men for every yard taken.

AMERICA is planning to rush as many men as possible to France at the earliest possible moment. The second draft is to be speeded up, and the number called to be increased, so that it is hoped that 1,500,000 may be ready before another year. In the meantime our troops are to be merged with French and British units as fast as they are trained, and many are even now taking part in the great battle.

APRIL 6 marked the anniversary of the entrance of the United States into the world war. A résumé of our achievement in one year shows that the army has been increased from about 200,000 to 1,600,000 men, the casualties thus far being 2,368, of which number nearly 1,000 died of disease or accident. The navy shows an increase from about 82,000 to 350,000 men; 123 new war vessels have been built or are under way, among them 15 battleships and 60 submarines, and contracts have been placed for 949 additional vessels. In the merchant marine nearly 800,000 tons of German shipping have been seized, 150,000 tons of Dutch shipping requisitioned, and 200,000 tons of Japanese ships made available. The total tonnage of steel shipping commandeered, under construction, or contracted for is 8,000,000 tons, while 1,000,000 tons of wooden ships are contracted for. In the matter of finance, nearly sixteen and one-half billions of dollars have been appropriated for loans to the Allies, and army, navy, and Shipping Board requirements. The actual cost of the war for the first year has been estimated at $9,000,000,000, covered by the two Liberty Loans of $6,616,532,300, special war taxes of $3,500,000,000, and other taxes, duties, and war savings certificates. Notable industrial steps include the taking over and operation of the railways, the control of shipping, the fixing of the price of coal and of wheat, and the control of coal production and the food supply.

PRESIDENT WILSON, in a speech at Baltimore on April 6 on the occasion of the opening of the Third Liberty Loan campaign, declared that the United States accepted Germany's challenge to decide the future by force, and that force to the utmost would be used—"the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." In a semi-official reply, Berlin declared that the President has turned historical events upside down, and that the struggle in the West is a consequence of the will of the Entente for war.

JAPANESE ships amounting to 1,500,000 tons have been chartered by the United States for the transatlantic service, in addition to the 100,000 tons bought from Japan, as was reported last week. Negotiations for new construction in Japan, amounting to 200,000 tons, have also been arranged, the United States furnishing Japan with steel plates. Holland's formal protest against the requisitioning of the Dutch ships in the United States has been presented to the State Department.

COUNT CZERNIN, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in a speech to the Vienna City Council, accepted President Wilson's four principles as a basis for a general peace, and asserted that only Alsace-Lorraine stood in the way of peace with France. He reiterated the statement that, before the present offensive on the western front began, France had made inquiries concerning a possible basis of peace. This is denied by Premier Clemenceau, who asserts that "repeated discussions" on peace had begun as early as last August, but that Austria-Hungary had taken the initiative. In this country the speech is regarded as an attempt to stir up dissension among the Allies in order to bring about a negotiated peace.

BRITISH, as well as Japanese, forces landed at Vladivostok, in Siberia, on April 5, without notice to the authorities. Admiral Kato, Japanese Minister of Marine, said he was compelled to take steps to protect the life and property of Japanese and Allied subjects, in view of the murder of one Japanese soldier and because the local organizations were unable to maintain order. The Russians charge that Japan is invading Russia, and that the necessity of protecting life and property is a pretext; and the Council of National Commissaries demands to know how the Allies stand "regarding the rapacious scheme of Japan." Orders have been given to all Siberian Councils of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates to resist an armed invasion of Russia.

IN European Russia the situation is still chaotic. The Germans are continuing to advance, and are now approaching Kharkov, 420 miles southwest of Moscow. Industrial conditions are disorganized, and even in the Ukraine the population of Kiev and other large cities are suffering from lack of food. In Finland struggles between the Red and White Guards have resulted in the capture of 8,000 Red Guards and the death of 2,000, of whom 1,800 were Russians. German troops are reported to be marching from the Aland Islands to Finland across the ice. The Russian fleet at Helsingfors in Finland has escaped and is heading for Kronstadt. Turkish troops in the Caucasus have cleared virtually all of Turkish Armenia of the Russians, and have crossed the old Russo-Turkish frontier in the direction of Batum on the Black Sea.

THE Italian front appears to be threatened by another Austro-German offensive, to be launched as soon as the weather grows favorable. Forces formerly operating in Rumania under Mackensen have been transferred, and Italian aviators report that large bodies of troops are being sent from the Piave line to the mountain zones to launch a new invasion from there.

THE submarine situation showed a decided improvement for the Allies in the week ending April 3. The British lost only six large and seven small ships, and the Italians three large and ten small vessels. The 20,000-ton liner Celtic, of the White Star Line, was torpedoed, but made port safely.

MOB violence against persons suspected of disloyalty is increasing in various parts of the United States. The culminating example of this lawless anarchy was the lynching of Robert P. Prager, a registered enemy alien, in Collinsville, Ill., on April 4. Prager was accused of disloyalty, but the latest reports, after a full examination, indicate his innocence. This incident will probably give stronger impetus to the Sedition bill, on which conference committees have agreed, which provides a penalty of thirty years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine for acts intended to injure war materials, and a penalty of twenty years' imprisonment and a fine of $10,000, or both, for contemptuous or abusive language against our form of government, Constitution, or President. Opposition was violent in the Senate, especially from Senators Johnson of California, Reed of Missouri, and Watson of Indiana. Col. Roosevelt, in the Kansas City *Star*, has defied Congress to try to gag him, and calls the proposed measure despotic and traitorous.

IN Wisconsin the Senatorial election resulted in the success of the Republican, Irvine L. Lenroot, by a plurality of more than 12,000 over his Democratic rival, Joseph E. Davies. Victor Berger, Socialist candidate, polled 100,000 votes; the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee was re-elected; and three out of six Aldermen-at-Large, as well as nine out of twenty-five Alderman in the wards, are Socialists. This remarkable gain of the Socialists has alarmed the old parties, as it promises to be a factor of great importance in future elections, especially in the Congressional election of next autumn. President Wilson's letter in favor of Mr. Davies did not succeed in securing his election.

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